PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE • 20¢

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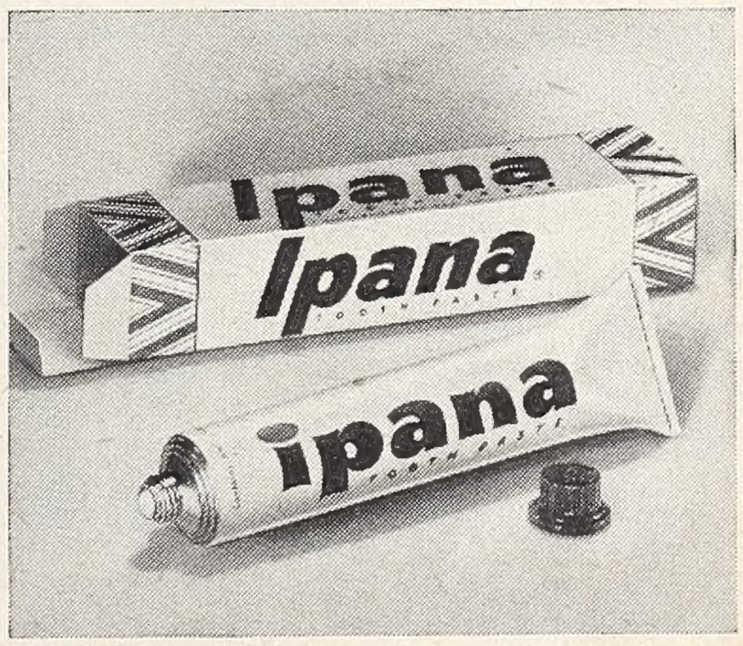

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PHOTOPLAY

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THE STRANGEST LOVE STORY EVER LIVED FLARES OUT OF LURID CHICAGO IN THE MOB-RULE DAYS!

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The man who gave her everything but couldn't win her love!

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AS RUTH ETTING — AS "THE GIMP"

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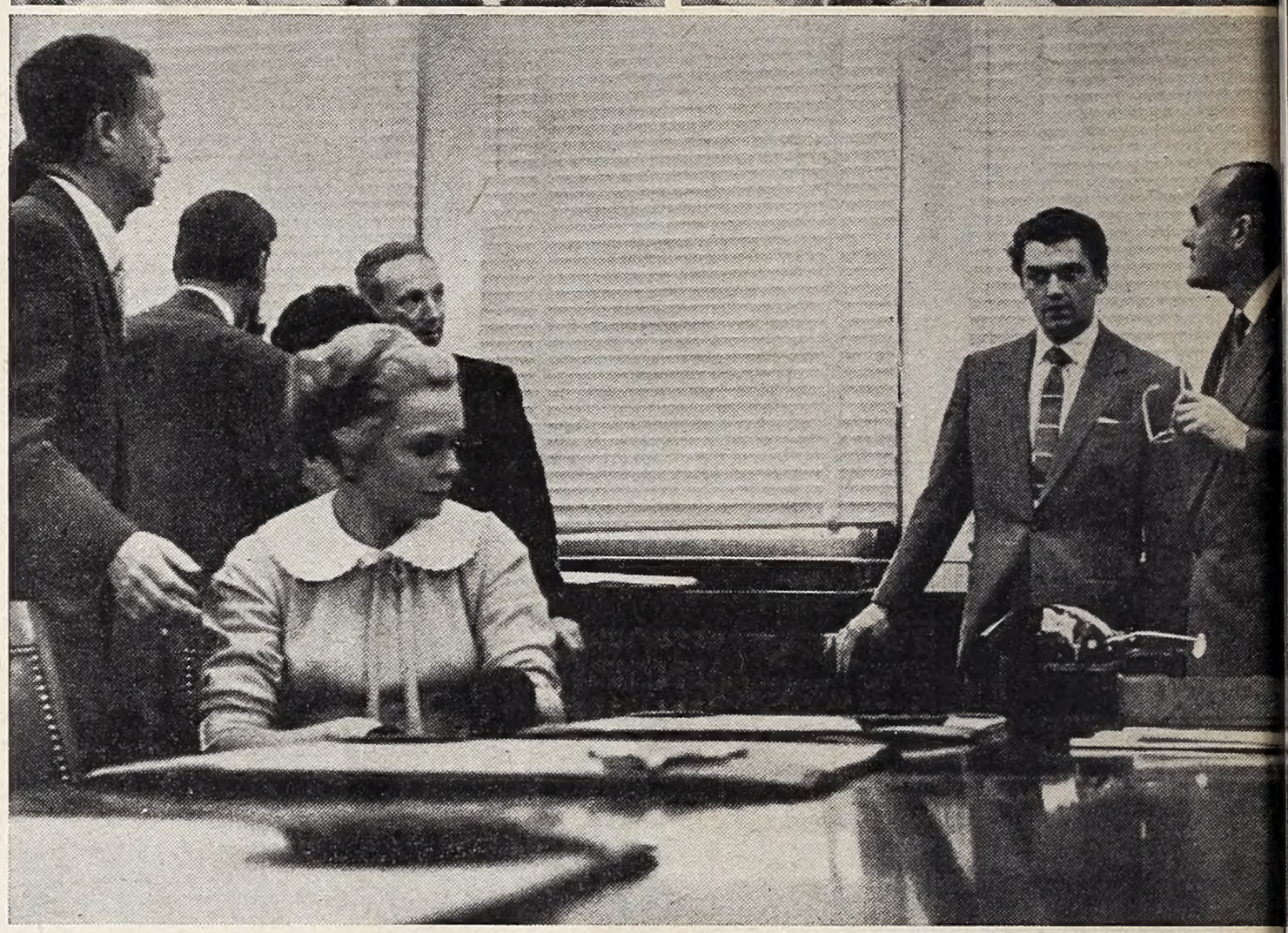

"For the sake of our daughters," Tita Purdom begged Judge Burke of the conciliation court to help her effect a reunion with husband, Edmund. Solemnly, both entered the court and, after two hours, Edmund agreed to hold up on his divorce suit for 90 days. As Tita and her lawyer left, it was agreed. She had tried. But when Edmund made no effort to reconcile, Tita filed

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

ARE GETTING LOUDER over the Linda Christian-Edmund Purdom romance. Few think that it was purely coincidental that Linda filed suit against Ty Power the same day she knew Edmund was due to appear in conference in Superior Judge Louis H. Burke's conciliation court.

Everybody knows Linda waited around, in no haste for a divorce from Ty, for six months before she took the step. Why, 'tis asked, did she decide to sue on the very day that Tita Purdom had finally arranged to meet with Edmund in an attempt to patch up their difficulties? Pronto wise wags were betting the 90-day holdup on his divorce suit, which Edmund agreed to,

was no more than a passing gesture Mr. Purdom's part. He seemed mo interested in squiring the party-lovi Miss Christian around to local gaiti than in living up to his promise to t to reconcile his marital problems for the sake of his two daughters. Ti felt same way. Finally filed.

•

About Mario Lanza's problems a his future in show business, with n body being able to get from Ma "the facts." Mario did himself no go when he walked out on his contra with the New Frontier in Las Vega He was disinterested in rehearsing the Venus Room and his only excu for not performing was that he was

Continu

SPECIAL ACADEMY AWARD WINNING PROCESS

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

puts you right in the heart of the family . . . right in the middle of the fun!

Bob Hope

as Eddie Foy in

The SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring

MILLY VITALE

with

GEORGE TOBIAS

ANGELA CLARKE

Produced by

JACK ROSE

Directed by

MELVILLE SHAVELSON

Written for the Screen by

MELVILLE SHAVELSON

and JACK ROSE

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SONGS: Nobody • I'm Tired
The Greatest Father Of Them All
Row, Row, Row • Smiles • Mary
Chinatown, My Chinatown

THE STORY OF

A Husband Who Never Had Time To Come Home!

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IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

feeling well. If Mario's really sick, all he has to do is *explain!* He owes this much to those who put their trust in him—and that means both his employers and his fans. . . . About the Piper Laurie—David Shine romance and the general mix-up about when, where, how and if ever they will marry, with many insisting that Pfc. G. David Schine is still hanging onto that Anchorage, Alaska, marriage-license application, in case Piper flies up there.

•

About the apparently flourishing romance of Bing Crosby and his little Texas brunette Kathryn Grant and the smart way she's playing her hand, saying nothing and insisting that all her pals keep as tight-lipped as she is. Though no Hollywood private life is kept so private as Bing's, the fact that he's smitten is no secret. And about how pert Kathryn has no trouble at all keeping on palsy terms with all the Crosby boys. . . . Also about the budding comradeship of Mona Freeman, who once had the inside track to Bing, and Bob Wagner, who are being seen around a lot together. And how it was Mona's divorce from Pat Nerney that made her ineligible on religious grounds to become Mrs. Crosby.

•

About the growing probability that Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino really mean it since she has the wolf pack just about discouraged from trying for dates, devoting herself almost exclusively to Dick. . . . About the way Oleg Cassini unobtrustively dropped out of the life of Grace Kelly, with religion the impediment to romance in that case, too, but no other swain has come along to claim Oscar-winning Grace's preference, a romantic vacuum which nature will sooner or later fill. And about how Oleg seems to have latched onto Claudette Thornton who, in her Hollywood heyday, was briefly Bob Stack's best gal. . . . About Paramount's new excitement, a lovely starlet named Carol Ohmart, a discovery of Michael Curtiz, who has cast her prominently in his next, "Too Late, My Love." The whispers about her sure stellar destiny have penetrated everywhere.

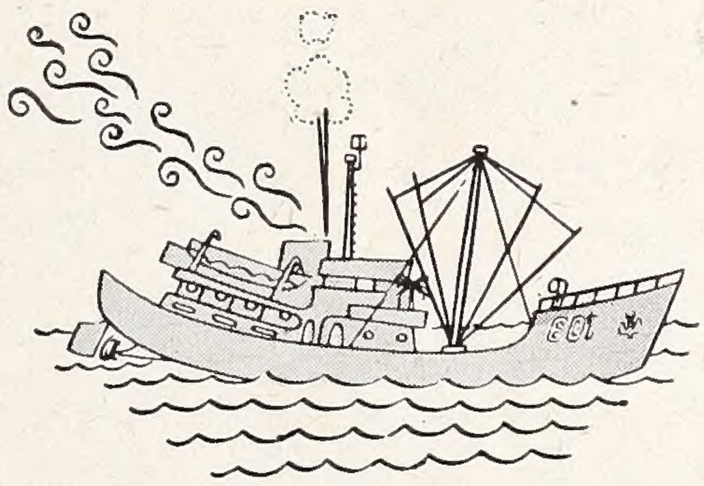
•

Forthcoming wedding bells for Bobby Troup and Julie London, his divorce final in August. . . . Sterling Hayden and Helen O'Connell, who grow more devoted by the moment, while his ex, Betty, is getting around mostly with Tony Travis.

About the way John Huston has become more Irish than the Irish since spending so much time in Ireland on "Moby Dick," what with his wearing Irish tweeds and talking with a brogue. And John's recent purchase of an Irish thoroughbred which won its first race, carrying three hundred pounds of John's money on its nose. And how John sent word to Gregory Peck, his star in "Moby Dick," who added a hundred pounds of his own to the wager, Greg telling friends in Hollywood that the horse will cross the ocean in time for the next Santa Anita.

A pert little brunette from Texas way, Kathryn Grant is the reason for Bing's smiles these days and insiders insist this is one Crosby romance not to be dismissed lightly

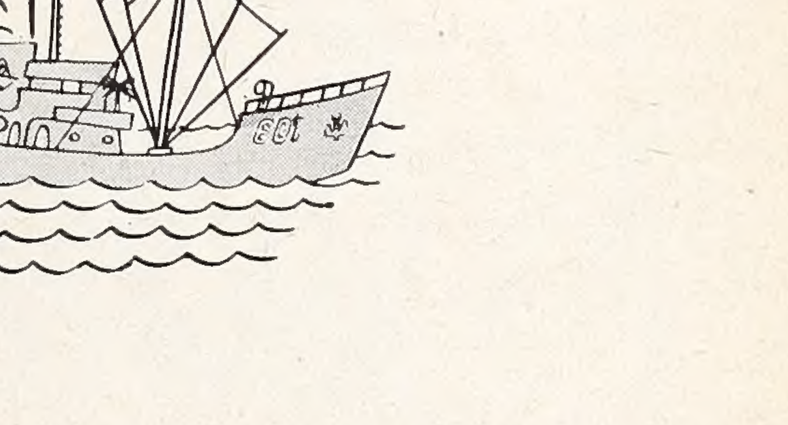
Hi, Mister Roberts!



THE MOST-LOVED, MOST LAUGHED-WITH PLAY OF OUR DAY

"Mister Roberts"

IS ON THE SCREEN!



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WILLIAM POWELL AS DOC *and* **JACK LEMMON** AS ENSIGN PULVER

ALSO STARRING BETSY PALMER · WARD BOND · PHIL CAREY · SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK NUGENT AND JOSHUA LOGAN · PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD

BASED ON THE PLAY BY THOMAS HEGGEN AND JOSHUA LOGAN · DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD AND MERVYN LEROY

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN

P

7

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

Best Acting: Doris Day
James Cagney

Love Me or Leave Me M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ One of the most unusual music dramas ever made gives Doris Day and James Cagney roles as startling as the picture. Doris, typed as a sunny-natured soul, showed real daring in choosing this strongly dramatic part. Suggested by the story of Ruth Etting, popular singer of the Twenties and early Thirties, the movie takes Doris from the hostess line in a cheap night spot to stardom in the Ziegfeld Follies and in Hollywood. It is Cagney, as a petty racketeer, who gives her career its start and becomes her manager. She accepts his sponsorship, but holds him at arm's length. Pianist Cameron Mitchell, with personal interests in the matter, warns that her dishonesty will catch up with her. And it does. The atmosphere of the Twenties is sharply recreated, thanks in part to Doris' versatile song-selling. ADULT

Jimmy's strong-arm tactics have won Doris her first break

Strange Lady in Town WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Here's an offbeat Western, with leisurely charm and an unconventional accent on feminine characters. Greer Garson's a doctor battling 19th century prejudice against female M. D.'s. Giving up the fight in Boston, she comes to New Mexico to set up a practice. Her skill and her sympathetic manner quickly win the townspeople, but she can't overcome the antagonism of Dana Andrews, up till now the town's only doctor. A brusque widower, he obviously regards his red-headed rival with mixed emotions. Lois Smith (the bedraggled slavey in "East of Eden") gives a winning performance as Dana's hoydenish daughter. A secondary love story teams her with Cameron Mitchell, as Greer's younger brother. But Mitchell, it's revealed, is a scoundrel, and his misdeeds abruptly switch the story onto an actionful tack. FAMILY

With Dana's help, Greer opposes a mob of would-be lynchers

Strategic Air Command PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ On the big VistaVision screen, the majesty of this country's air defense practically steals the show from stars James Stewart and June Allyson. As a reserve officer, Jimmy is recalled to active duty just as he is getting firmly established in a baseball career. At first resentful, he is soon overcome by awe and pride, realizing the full might of the bomber forces that stand ready at any moment to strike long-range counterblows if the U. S. is attacked. June, as his wife, waits out each of his trial missions and longs for the day when they can again have a settled home life. Effective portrayals are contributed by Frank Lovejoy, as the commanding general, and Barry Sullivan, as one of Jimmy's superiors. Throughout, the human element is dwarfed by the huge planes, cloud peaks and endless air vistas. FAMILY

For June and Jimmy, married life is a series of goodbyes

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 16 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 102 • FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 103

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

Joan Crawford

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

A Universal-International Picture

Be a siren
in the surf..
with a Kleinert's
Sava-Wave Swim Cap

The Magic Inner Rim keeps your hair REALLY dry!

Beach-Tote, $2.50. Matching Cap, $1.25.

They're sturdy, light, GUARANTEED watertight! Left to right: Strapless SAVA-WAVE with real rhinestones! White with pink, blue, red, yellow, aqua, black band. $2.98. *For tots,* "Squeaky"...the squeaking clown cap! White with pink and blue, red and blue, or yellow and aqua. $1.50. *Pom-pom* topped SAVA-WAVE! White with pink and red, yellow and orange, light and dark blue. $1.50. Other gay Kleinert's caps from 79¢ to $7.

K ® Kleinert's

Bill's wife, Judy, gave up her acting ambitions on marriage, now plays audience as he rehearses

She helps with his scrapbook, too. Once pretty lean, it's growing fat with good reviews, photos

"I want to be the boss," Bill says, "to protect her, to open doors for her." And Judy loves it!

Bill Campbell has nerve! And he needed it to keep from quitting during the hard years. Now they're over

SASSY, BUT SUCCESSFUL

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

● For six years, Bill Campbell was just the kid with the engaging grin, doing one small role after another —now you see him, now you don't. There were times when he himself thought he'd never get any further. And the idea hurt because he was filled with driving ambition. This is the boy who once had the sheer, brassy nerve to try stealing a scene from Spencer Tracy, of all people. Tracy got back at him by becoming his ardent patron. It was this actors' actor who told a discouraged William Campbell, "You quit and I'll spank you!"

Bill didn't quit. Now, after six uneasy years, he has had two excellent parts in succession: the naive farm boy of U-I's "Man Without a Star"; the depraved young criminal of Columbia's "Cell 2455, Death Row." He has contracts with Wayne-Fellows and with Kirk Douglas' producing unit. Best of all, he has a wife who, in his own words, "looks like Ursula Thiess or Elizabeth Taylor, but with the spiritual quality of Ann Blyth. To think," he exclaims, "that this beautiful woman would marry me, when she could have had some beautiful guy."

Attractive as Bill is, he could hardly be described as beautiful. He has alert hazel eyes under quizzically arched brows, black hair often worn at a length that makes Tony Curtis' usual coiffure look like a crew cut. But a couple of fortunate accidents during Bill's childhood (a fall and a blow from a misaimed hockey stick) broke his nose twice and gave his profile an interesting irregularity that takes him safely out of the pretty-boy class. Born in Newark, New Jersey (on October 30, 1926), he still has a pleasant tang of Greater New York in his voice.

As a youngster, Bill sometimes dreamed of an act-

Continued

Even in small roles, like the young flyer in "The High and the Mighty" (with Wally Brown, John Wayne, Doe Avedon, Robert Stack), Bill won fans

"Man Without a Star" started Bill's career on a real upward trend. He's grateful to Kirk Douglas, who saw a Campbell test and said, "I want him!"

The clincher was the hero-heavy of "Cell 2455, Death Row." His younger brother, Robert Campbell (left), played the same character as a teenager

SASSY, BUT SUCCESSFUL

continued

ing career. He never mentioned this faint yearning, because his parents were solid, sensible people, whose idea of a proper professional man was a doctor, a lawyer or an accountant. At sixteen, just out of high school, he beat Uncle Sam to the punch by enlisting in the Navy. Afterward, he found himself at loose ends. His service on a mine sweeper in the Pacific didn't qualify him for any particular civilian job. He thought of one, then another, and couldn't stand any of them. Finally, he decided to take a journalism course at Columbia, fondly picturing himself as the dashing cub reporter, hat pushed back, announcing, "I'm the press!" But the glamour chilled very quickly. "I didn't have the temperament for it," Bill says. "I needed something where I could yell a bit."

It was a former high school teacher of his who steered him in the right direction, sending him to the Feagin School of Drama. As Bill had expected, this step aroused no enthusiasm in William Campbell, Sr. "I'll give you six months," Pop said. It didn't take William, Jr., quite that long to prove himself, and no words were needed for his answer. After a school production of "Dinner at Eight," the big, proud smile on his father's face told Bill that he had won his point.

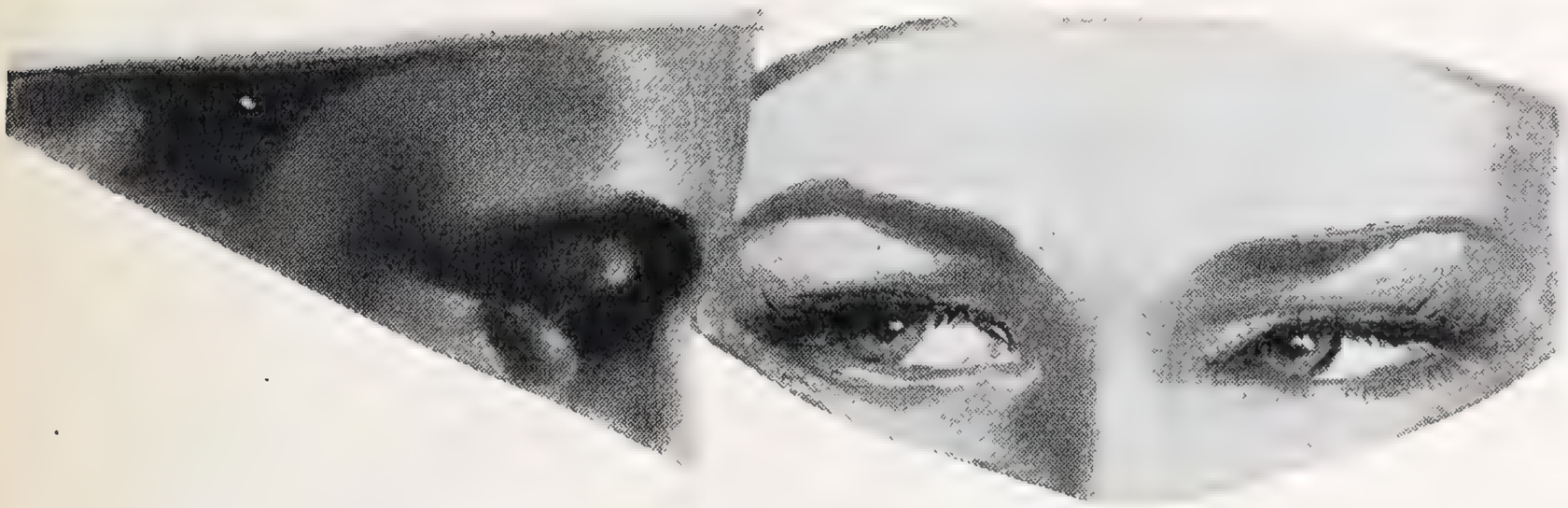
He moved on to the American Theatre Wing. Here he took twelve courses a day, getting up at 6:00 A.M. in order to reach New York by 7:30, sometimes returning home at 1:00 or 2:00 A.M. "I didn't want to miss anything," he explains. He haunted the Museum of Modern Art, seeing all the movie classics in the Film Library's collection. In three years, he did thirty plays in summer stock. Eventually he reached Broadway, but the two plays he appeared in folded with near-record speed. When he was offered a role in the road company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—a bit that gave him about one minute on-stage—Bill told his agent, "I'll take anything!"

As it turned out, this was a wise choice. For one thing, the role earned him ninety dollars a week. For another, the company's Los Angeles engagement brought Bill two cards from studio talent scouts. His introduction to the movie business, however, was pretty frustrating. At the first studio, he was enchanted to find a big car waiting for him at the gate, to whisk him across the lot to the scout's office. "It was like a dream," he recalls. This heady sensation continued after he'd done a reading. "Where've you *been?*" the scout demanded. "When you get signed and you become a star, you remember to speak to me!"

A still dazed Bill found himself in the boss' office—"all gold and plush." Just as he sat down, the phone rang. The big man stayed on the phone for more than ten minutes, pausing only to give quick decisions to employees who came in with questions. Bill sat there patiently. When the boss hung up, he told Bill graciously, "Drop in any time"—and waved him out of the office! Outside

Continued

Seldom has
the screen captured
such passion and
emotion...fierce
human hungers that
probe deep into
the very heart
of life itself!



stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a
motion picture!

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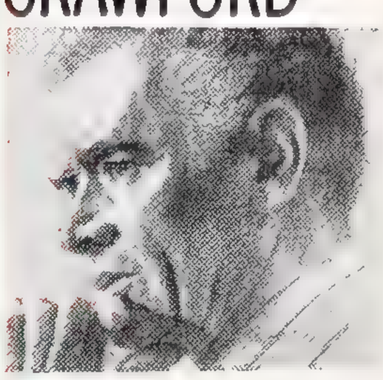
Gloria
GRAHAME

Broderick
CRAWFORD



Charles
BICKFORD

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Based on the Novel by MORTON THOMPSON • Music by George Antheil • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Produced and Directed by
STANLEY KRAMER

Coming! – Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.

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Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! **Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for *"Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles."* Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.**

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

SASSY, BUT SUCCESSFUL

continued

the building, no studio limousine was waiting for the baffled young actor; he had to walk all the way back to the gate.

At Warners, he was luckier—at first. Beginning with "The Breaking Point," he made four pictures. After seven months, Warners let him go. "I was really in a fright then," Bill admits, "despairing and unhappy." Then M-G-M offered him a role in "The People Against O'Hara," a Spencer Tracy vehicle.

"I was afraid of Mr. Tracy," Bill says. "Every time I saw him on the set I'd hide behind a camera." But eventually the two had to do a scene together, and Bill recklessly planned to steal it from the star.

The scene cast Bill as a stubborn witness, being furiously cross-examined by Tracy. Bill was shaking and dry-mouthed. But his purpose was unchanged, and he did manage to get the first line out. "Then I felt I was starting to move. Mr. Tracy was really getting mad, and I knew I had him."

When the cameras stopped rolling, Bill saw Tracy walking slowly toward him, slowly clapping. Stopping in front of Bill, Tracy said softly, "You . . . little . . . so-and-so! . . . Are you under contract?"

"No," Bill stammered.

"You will be by tonight." Promptly, Tracy put in a call to Dore Schary, head of production at Metro. And the prediction came true. But, in spite of Tracy's backing, leading roles proved elusive, and again Bill was dropped.

At U-I, Bill tested for "Six Bridges to Cross," which, of course, went to Tony Curtis. But Kirk Douglas, planning "Man Without a Star," saw Bill's test and said, "I want him!"

As soon as Bill felt that he had a real foothold in movies, his first thought was of his parents: "Now I can repay them." His father, whose roots are in Newark (according to Bill), wouldn't come to California, though he may make a visit after his retirement from the Water Department. So Bill resolved to give his mother a real vacation whirl in Hollywood. At the airport, he slipped up and put his hands over her eyes. Her first words were: "Bill, don't you dare tell your father how much that airplane ticket cost!"

The newest member of the Campbell family is that beauty the former Judith Inmore. Bill first met Judy six years ago. They began going steady immediately, but with no marriage plans, for Judy was interested in a movie career of her own. Bill eventually found that the career was less Judy's idea than her mother's. "I saw myself as a knight on a white charger," he laughs, "riding to her rescue, ordering, 'No career!' "

However, Judy's mother gave in gracefully, and Bill and Judy were married on October 25, 1952. In the young Campbells' circle of friends are many people outside show business, some dating back to Bill's Newark days.

"When I was little," he says, "I never knew there *were* different sets or groups." Bill realizes that now it may not be so easy to keep his balance. But one fact makes it extremely unlikely that he'll ever have a case of swollen ego. "I'm afraid of my father. If I didn't keep a level head, he'd let me have it right in the kisser!"

MOVIES

continued from page 8

Moonfleet M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ A vigorous, richly colorful adventure yarn of 18th century England presents Stewart Granger with a juicy role. He's a gentleman smuggler, an elegant and thoroughgoing rogue. Towheaded Jon Whiteley, who was the older of "The Little Kidnappers," is again utterly engaging, as a small boy who trustfully puts himself in Granger's care. The boy's "friend" shows no enthusiasm, but that doesn't shake Jon's loyalty—nor does the discovery that Granger leads a gang of murderous ruffians. As a titled and totally unscrupulous couple, George Sanders and Joan Greenwood capture the feeling of a cynical age. Equally striking are Viveca Lindfors, as Granger's unhappy mistress, and Liliane Montevecchi, as a gypsy dancer who takes his fancy. FAMILY

Daddy Long Legs 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron make an irresistible dance-romance team in this new version of the beloved story. As a wealthy American, Fred provides a college education in the U.S. for Leslie, an eighteen-year-old French orphan. She isn't told who her benefactor is and she knows Fred only as the uncle of her roommate (Terry Moore). But the two fall in love, in touching May-October style. It's a movie happily removed from reality, with Fred Clark and Thelma Ritter arousing chuckles as the sorely tried pair who handle Fred's business affairs. Dance numbers are plentiful, the liveliest being the "Sluefoot" routine at a college prom. FAMILY

The Eternal Sea REPUBLIC

✓✓✓ Done with admirable simplicity and straightforwardness, this saga of heroism takes its inspiration from the true story of Rear Admiral John M. Hoskins, U.S.N., portrayed here by Sterling Hayden. Hayden loses a leg in World War II action, but stubbornly refuses to be retired from active duty, though he must fight Navy regulations. As his wife, Alexis Smith has the usual role assigned to the heroine in service films. Dean Jagger's excellent as Hayden's superior and friend, and Ben Cooper does a nice job in a brief appearance as a young sailor. FAMILY

Violent Saturday 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ A carefully planned bank robbery and its impact on the people of a modern Southwestern town are cleverly built into a satisfying suspense film. As Stephen McNally, J. Carrol Naish and Lee Marvin lay the groundwork for their crime, we meet various people whose lives will be affected by it. Richard Egan is the alcoholic heir to the local copper mine; Margaret Hayes, his neurotic wife; Virginia Leith, a nurse who falls in love with Egan. Victor Mature, an executive at the mine, and Ernest Borgnine, a peaceable Amish farmer, are both embroiled in the criminals' getaway. Sylvia Sidney makes a small role count, playing a pathetic spinster. ADULT

This Island Earth U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Spectacular visual effects make this science-fiction thriller continuously absorbing, though the plot and characters are hardly subtle. Lofty-browed invaders from another planet, led by Jeff Morrow, draft scientists of earth to help them devise new methods of warfare. The visitors are civilized but dictatorial, so scientists Rex Reason and Faith Domergue attempt escape from the laboratory. But they are captured and whisked off to Morrow's home planet, where they witness a terrifying space war. FAMILY

Bedevilled M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ The fascinating streets of Paris, filmed on the spot, come to the rescue of a murder drama that doesn't make its points too clearly and sometimes strays into doubtful taste. As an American about to begin studying for the priesthood in a French seminary, Steve Forrest answers an appeal from a lady in distress. This is Anne Baxter, an obscure night-club singer with a tarnished past. She says that she has witnessed an underworld killing and is being pursued by gangsters who want to silence her. At first selflessly willing to help an unfortunate, Steve almost becomes emotionally involved. ADULT

5 Against the House COLUMBIA

✓✓ Putting the emphasis more on tension than on plausibility, this film will hardly advance the careers of Guy Madison and Kim Novak. As Guy and three fellow college students are returning from vacation, a stop in Reno gives one of them a mad idea. Kerwin Matthews (an able and attractive newcomer) decides to rob a "robbery-proof" gambling house just for laughs —and then return the money. Alvy Moore, a clownish type, and Brian Keith, an unstable war vet, go along with the scheme; Guy and Kim, his singer sweetheart, are drawn in on it only by accident. FAMILY

A Prize of Gold COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A similar plot doesn't fare too well on the other side of the Atlantic, either. Shot on location in Germany, this action film stars Richard Widmark as a GI who falls in with the plan of an English soldier (George Cole) to steal a shipment of gold bullion going by air from Berlin to London. Widmark wants the proceeds of the theft to help a group of war orphans cared for by his German sweetheart (Mai Zetterling). Nigel Patrick livens up the picture as a jaunty, homicidal RAF veteran hired to fly robbers and loot to England. FAMILY

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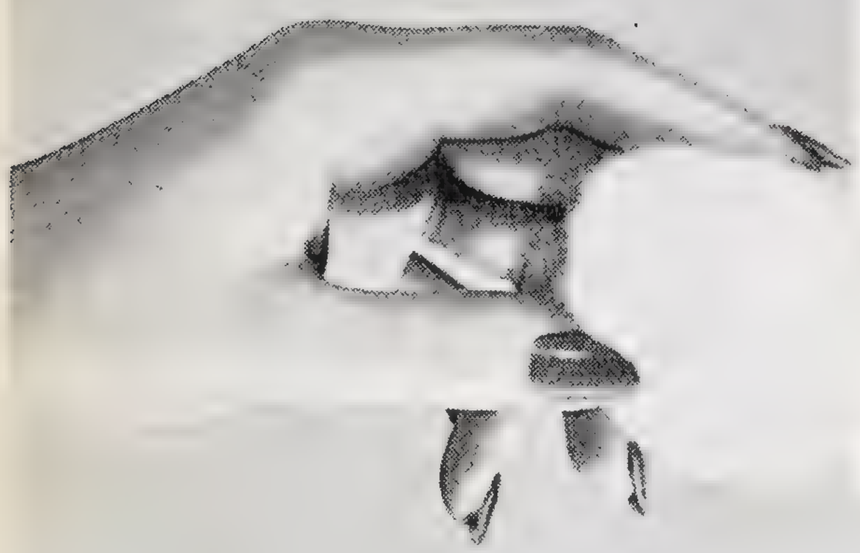
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!



Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation.*

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

P

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Matching Talc and Toilet Water!
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BOURJOIS—Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

"Such courage deserves a party," said Tony and Janet, feted the Rory Calhouns at Romanoff's

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

THERE WERE LOTS of afterdark doings at which Hollywood glamour-pusses had fun, ranging from the offbeat to the crazy.

On the legit side was the exciting opening of "Anniversary Waltz," with Howard Duff and Marsha Hunt. Ida Lupino, looking lovely, was as nervous as all git-out, finally calmed down before the final curtain when her hubby got so much applause for his fine performance. Saw Leigh Snowden with Dick Contino; Eleanor Parker, Jane Withers with Kurt Hirsch, the Edmund O'Briens to name a few.

When Estelle Allardale opened her new Beverly Hills salon with a fashion show and party, Jack Dempsey, her best b.f. acted as host! Ogling the all pink and white decor, sipping and supping a lavish buffet, were the Jack Webbs, Eleanor Powell, Cesar Romero, Sonja Henie, James Dean (!) Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray, Gaylord Hauser and a bunch of local socialites. And if that isn't a mixed crowd.

But you ain't heard nothing yet. There have been many crazy offbeat reasons for staging parties, but the one given by the Villa Capri (an Italian food cafe that gets a big play from the film crowd) takes the cake —or should I say pizza? Anyway, owners of the Capri tossed a big cocktail and dinner party (strictly invitational) to celebrate it's completion of two new washrooms. James Dean was there with Lili Kardell; Bob Stack brought purty Rosemarie Bowe, Bob Francis and May Wynn were a two. Ditto Gary Crosby and Barbara Drake. The Bob Mitchums, author Herman Wouk were among those having fun.

A different sort of party was given by author Danny Blum who jammed his place with old and young to honor old-time stars. Some of the kids there who already have their names in lights never even heard of the guests of honor: Mary Pickford, Kathlyn Williams, Queenie Smith, Alice Joyce, Anita Stewart. Mingling among them were Bob Stack with ever-lovin' Rosemarie Bowe, the John Lunds, the Hestons; James Dean, George Nader, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

Mickey Rooney, that talented bundle of dynamite, found time to whip up a night-club act and have himself an exciting opening night at the Cocoanut.

When Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis discovered Rory Calhoun was doing a one-hour live TV drama "The Champion," they sent wires to about 200 of their friends saying: "Such courage deserves recognition so we're giving Rory a party." And they did—at Romanoff's. On hand were Julie Adams and Ray Danton, Kim Novak with Mack Krim, Virginia Gray, Bob Wagner, Rita Moreno with Jeff Hunter, Joan Weldon with Alfie de la Vega, the Guy Madisons, the Andy Devines, the Bob Mitchums, Jayne Mansfield and Hugh O'Brian, the Jack Lemmons, May Wynn and Bob Francis, the Groucho Marxes, Pat Crowley, the Kirk Douglases—to name only a few!

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SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

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Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

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CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

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Marchand's Hair Rinse after each shampoo blends in aging gray streaks . . . adds sparkling lights and richer color to your *natural* hair shade. Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. 12 smart shades. At all drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c 2 Rinses 10c

READERS INC. . .

SOAP BOX:

I think it's a shame the way Hollywood producers are neglecting Lana Turner. Can it be that Calendar Girls have become such a Hollywood fad today that unique emotional depth, such as Lana possesses, is no longer of value? Or is it that Lana's stature as an actress has actually been forgotten? If this is so, producers need only look at any of her 1940 films.

Is Lana being forgotten?

In the past month alone, I have read of at least six big dramatic productions (in which Lana would no doubt be great) being prepared at her *own* studio for other actresses, and most of these actresses are being borrowed from other studios.

Lana is a truly beautiful and accomplished actress and, no longer, as she was recently quoted as saying to a disrespectful director, "a fifty-dollar-a-week stock girl!"

CHARLES WILLIAMS
Wichita, Kansas

There is nothing more aggravating than to realize that a child actor of the past, who still has a great deal of talent at the present, has been apparently forgotten. Roddy McDowell has been painfully neglected as an actor on the screen.

When he was young, his natural and heartwarming performances not only won one of his pictures an Academy Award but placed his subsequent pictures among the ten best each year.

If more Hollywood producers and critics would open their eyes, ears and hearts, and stop looking for the tall, dark, handsome man with no acting ability, Roddy McDowall could become one of the best actors on film and stage, and we could enjoy his acting once again.

IRENE GOODSELL
Oakland, California

I enjoyed the current issue of PHOTOPLAY for its up-to-date and interesting news. I should have liked it even better, however, had it included that popular actor Preston Foster, a star who's been popular twenty years.

How about an interview with Mr. Foster? He'd make wonderful copy and you'd have the gratitude of all of his fans.

SOPHIE FREEMAN
Roslyn, Long Island, New York

I have enjoyed Ralph Edwards' radio programs for years. Now I am enjoying his TV shows and his PHOTOPLAY series of "This Is Your Life," as well.

Would you sometime soon feature Charlton Heston in your PHOTOPLAY series? He is such an excellent actor and would make a good subject for Mr. Edwards' article.

RENNA ELLIOTT
Parsons, Kansas

Because his schedule is full, Mr. Edwards is no longer by-lining "This Is Your Life" stories for PHOTOPLAY. *We continue, of course, life stories of the stars.—ED.*

After seeing Tyrone Power recently in the picture "The Long Gray Line," I just had to write a few words of praise about him. I never seem to read about Mr. Power, who has been my favorite for many years. He was simply terrific in this film, what with his Irish brogue and large mustache. He helped to bring to moviegoers everywhere moments of sadness and humor with every bit of perfectiveness and reality that any actor could. I understand that Jerry Wald started research on the picture more than ten years ago and that when ex-Sergeant Marty Maher published his autobiography, "Bringing Up the Brass," Wald was assured that he had the model for his long-desired ambition to do the story of the United States Military Academy.

Tyrone played the part of Marty Maher splendidly, in a role which carried him from a boy of twenty-three to an old man of seventy-five.

Please print more about this handsome actor who deserves much more publicity.

AGNES MCCARTHY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Ty reminisces for PHOTOPLAY on page *34 of this issue.—ED.*

Keith Larsen rates a place

I think your magazine has done a fine job with newcomers, but you have overlooked one Keith Larsen.

Keith has more appeal and is much more handsome than George Nader, Robert Francis and Lance Fuller combined.

Keith Larsen takes time to write to his fans, autograph pictures and has a wonderful fan club, of which I am a member. Wouldn't you please give him some place in your magazine? I and all the rest of the

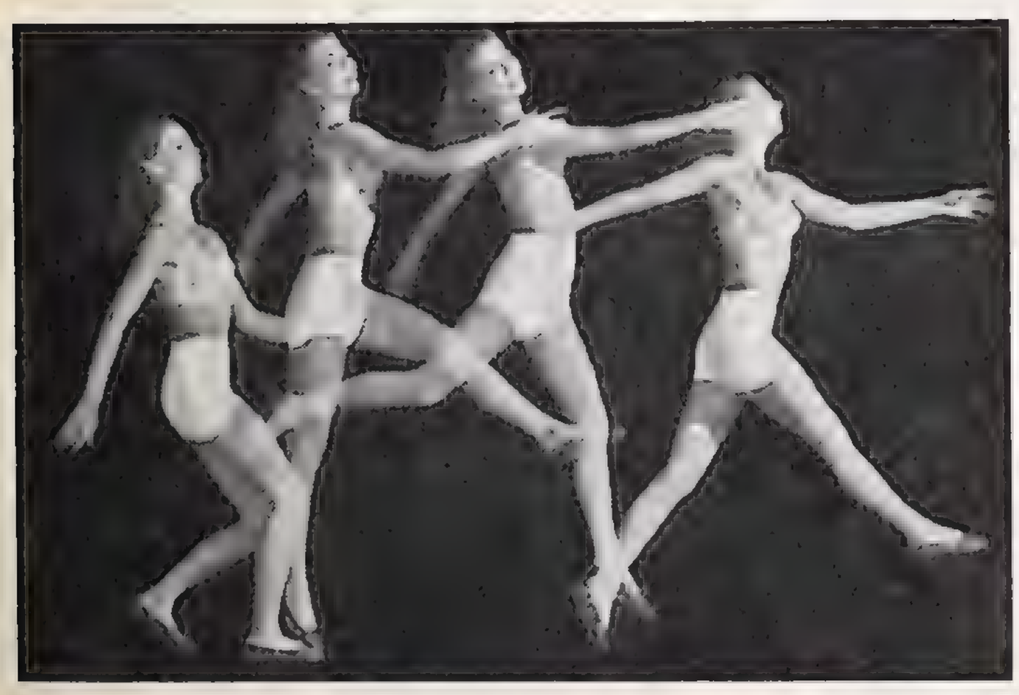
Continued

Please address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, *205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column.*

The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (you're wrong!) She's the girl who *never* slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!

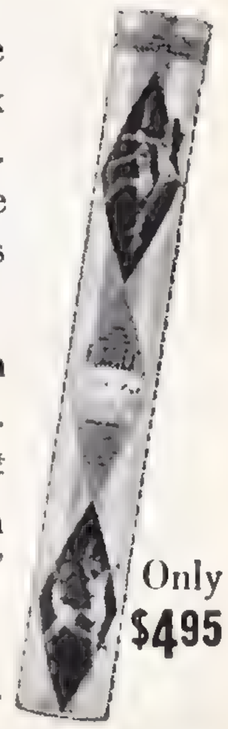
Introducing the New Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief



And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible . . . and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—*anywhere!* Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—*no matter what your size.*

Look for Playtex® *High Style* Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for *extra* control, the famous Playtex *Magic-Controller** Panty Brief with hidden "finger" panels. Only $6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex† Living† Bra*..."custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon. $3.95 †Trademark



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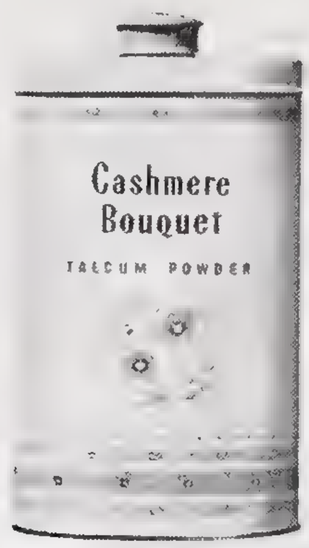

59¢ 29¢
Plus Tax

enthusiastic Larsen admirers thank you.

DIXIE ANN OWEN
Shawano, Wisconsin

CASTING:

The other evening while rearranging my back copies of the magazine Theatre Arts, I came across a play that I reread and enjoyed as much as the first time I read it through. That play was a play which won superlative critical acclaim on Broadway and had a substantial run—the dramatiza-

A fan says let Ben hang

tion by Louis Coxe and Robert Chapman of Herman Melville's "Billy Budd."

I seem to have a faint remembrance of reading somewhere that Paramount had bought the play for a possible vehicle for Bill Holden. Holden is an accomplished actor and always does a superb job with the roles handed him, but he is just a bit too old for the lead role. "Billy Budd" calls for a young man, blond, between the ages of sixteeen and twenty. There is only one of the younger actors in Hollywood who could possibly do that role—and do it to perfection. He's Republic's accomplished new star, Ben Cooper, who did such an excellent job in the role of *Turkey* in "Johnny Guitar." "Billy Budd" would again give Ben a dramatic hanging scene at the end of the film. If there is ever a film version of this play made, it will be a shame to award the role to anybody except Ben Cooper.

BOB ADAMS
Niagara Falls, New York

I think that Howard Keel's rendition of "Your Land and My Land," which he sang in "Deep in My Heart," is excellent.

He should be starred in a movie version of the Romberg operetta "My Maryland," with Joan Weldon, the girl who sang "Lover Come Back to Me."

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

I have just read Rocky Graziano's autobiography, "Somebody Up There Likes Me," and M-G-M announced it will be made into a movie.

I think it would make a great picture with Tony Curtis in the leading role, Elia Kazan directing and Janet Leigh as Graziano's wife.

L. MORABITO
San Francisco, California

When I saw the letter printed in the March issue of Readers Inc., sent in by Edith Lippman of New York, proclaiming John Derek *Danny Fisher*, I had to write.

I have read "A Stone for Danny Fisher" three times and loved it more with each reading, since I was better able to really know the characters depicted each time. Because of that, I think I know *Danny*,

and to think of this fine novel being made into a picture is only to think of Tony Curtis. There is no other *Danny*.

This is not meant to imply that John Derek is not a fine actor, for he is, and also one of my favorites. But Miss Lippman has only to see Curtis in "Six Bridges to Cross," to know that he is the only one who could possibly play *Danny*. Not just that one picture either. Tony Curtis' life, up to the time he entered acting, almost exactly parallels *Danny Fisher's*, except for the criminal tendencies. But in "Bridges," he proved to us he could handle that as if he had really lived that part, too.

So please, Miss Lippman, and also the casting directors, look around you—maybe even confer with Janet Leigh—but find the real *Danny*—Tony Curtis.

MRS. CHARLES L. MILLER
Lawton, Oklahoma

Something that I will never understand is why E. M. Hull's immortal love story "The Sheik" has not been filmed since the days of Valentino. My generation has never had the opportunity to see it on the screen and few to even get a chance to read it, as it is certainly difficult to lay hands on a volume. The one copy that floated around my high school, five years ago, became so dog-eared that it finally had to be discarded.

Another copy showed up in college and received the same treatment. I can remember many discussions in those days concerning, "When are they going to get around to making a movie out of it?" At that time, I couldn't think of anybody who really had the "equipment" to play "The Sheik," but now Hollywood has the cast.

I certainly would like to see "The Sheik" on film, with Fernando Lamas and Susan Hayward in the leading roles. I think Elizabeth Taylor's riding ability and English accent (if that's what it is) could also make her a sure contender for the lead. However it was cast, I believe the boxoffice take would be tremendous.

SHIRLEY CRITTENDON
Santa Ana, California

Bob Stack: Home run for Boston

I think it would be wonderful if they would make a movie on the life of the great baseball player Ted Williams. If they can't get him to portray himself, Robert Stack would be the one to do it. I have noticed a resemblance between them several times.

JANE PAINTER
Davis, California

I've been reading various reports on the casting of "South Pacific." The only person for the part of the Frenchman, *Emil de Becque*, would be Fernando Lamas.

MARY ELLEN STONE
New City, New York

Continued

Get ready for summer with this

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Helene Curtis **spray net*** BRAND

No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis SPRAY NET is *one* hair spray that's never, never sticky. No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Now when you need SPRAY NET most (remember summer's wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a SPRAY NET Special that takes care of *all* your hair care problems. Both hair spray *and* shampoo for only $1.25, plus tax. Don't wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

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Also enjoy the lasting uplift of a "Perma · lift" Bra, America's favorite, with the Lift that never lets you down. Bras from $1.50 to $12.50. "Perma · lift" Magic Oval Panties from $5.00 to $10.95. See them at your favorite store today.

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READERS INC...

Recently I finished reading Russell Janney's tender love story "So Long as Love Remembers." As I read each wonderful chapter, I thought to myself: "What a great motion picture this story would make." There is a close similarity between "So Long as Love Remembers" and Mr. Janney's previous novel, "The Miracle of the Bells," which was made into a picture of great beauty. If this moving story should be filmed, I sincerely hope Valli is chosen to play the part of *Olga*. Valli gave an excellent performance in "The Miracle of the Bells," and only she could give the role that spiritual touch.

CHARLES T. ROBINSON
Eureka, Utah

I know Liz Taylor is going to make three pictures in the near future, "The Giant," "Kings Row" and the Biblical epic "The Story of Esther," but hasn't anybody ever thought of starring her in a film version of Nicholas Monsarrat's best-seller, "The Story of Esther Costello"?

She would get her deserved Oscar for playing the beautiful blind, deaf and mute girl who captured the hearts of America. Co-starring Robert Wagner as her young lover and Fredric March and Barbara Stanwyck as *the Bannisters* would make this film a classic like "Gone with the Wind" or "From Here to Eternity."

Here in Latin America, Liz Taylor is tops, and so are Elaine Stewart, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Ursula Thiess and Jean Simmons. Robert Taylor, Robert Wagner, Edmund Purdom, Stewart Granger, Clark Gable and Michael Wilding make the pretty *señoritas*' hearts beat.

DANIEL R. CAMINO DC
Trujillo City, Dominican Republic

QUESTION BOX:

I read recently that United Artists plans to make the movie "Alexander the Great," starring Richard Burton and Fredric March. Is this true?

JEAN LIPPELS
Winston Salem, North Carolina

United Artists will release this film, in which Claire Bloom and Danielle Darrieux also star.—ED.

No retirement for Ruth

Could you please tell me what has happened to Ruth Roman? Is she still married? How many children does she have? Is she still in pictures? What is her latest picture?

MARGIE ANGLIN
Junction City, Oregon

Ruth Roman and radio station manager Mortimer Hall were married in 1950, have son Richard. Ruth's latest films are U-I's "The Far Country" and U. A.'s "Down Three Dark Streets."—ED.

Could you please tell me who played *Amy* and *Alex* in the movie "Young at Heart"?

MISS PATRICIA WENNESHEIMER
Sacramento 19, California

Elizabeth Frazer played Amy, *Gig Young played* Alex.—*ED.*

Say it isn't so, Mr. Mason

Is it true that James Mason is retiring from acting to become a producer? If this is true, I feel it will be one of the greatest losses Hollywood will have ever experienced. For my money, he is one of the greatest actors Hollywood has ever had.

JUDY MACEACHRON
Lake Worth, Florida

James Mason says he has retired from motion-picture acting. He adds, "I've become a television master-of-ceremonies by profession and a film producer by inclination."—ED.

I would like to know if William Reyn olds is Debbie Reynolds' brother?

SALLY WORTMAN
Rockford, Illinois

Debbie does have a brother Bill, but the actor William Reynolds isn't related.—ED.

A friend says Ann Blyth at one time played *Jane* in one of the *Tarzan* pictures. I do not recall this. True or False?

DOROTHY MASON
Washington, D. C.

False.—ED.

Could you please tell me what Jean Simmons' next picture will be? She was wonderful in "Désirée" and "The Egyptian."

ALEX JESCHKE
Chicago, Illinois

Jean's next will be Columbia's "Rebound" and Goldwyn's "Guys and Dolls," for M-G-M.—ED.

■ *We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios turn to page 101.* ED.

TIP-OFF TO READERS OF PHOTOPLAY

FOR YOUR DATE BOOK!

The picture that you must see with your sweetheart because it's a wonderful story of love-at-first-sight!

M-G-M presents with SONGS, COLOR and

CINEMASCOPE

"INTERRUPTED MELODY"

starring

GLENN FORD
ELEANOR PARKER

with ROGER MOORE · CECIL KELLAWAY
Written by WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Based On Her Life Story by MARJORIE LAWRENCE • Photographed in
EASTMAN COLOR · Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS • AN M-G-M PICTURE

★

"A wonderful love story!"
—HEDDA HOPPER

"Picture of the Month!
One of the screen's great movies!"
—LOUELLA PARSONS

"A great picture!"
—SHEILAH GRAHAM

Now that Marlon's won the Oscar, Sid has only one more request

"Marty" has Ernest Borgnine Oscar bound

Jean's the friendly type

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'D LIKE GRACE KELLY to play a character who isn't a lady to see if she could really act! . . . Also, Hollywood is on a lady kick and too many actresses *are trying* to act like ladies both off-screen and on. . . . One event that gave me much satisfaction was Marlon Brando winning the Oscar. I'd like to see Marlon and Clark Gable teamed together in a movie. . . . Paramount should release Shirley MacLaine's screen test as a trailer. You couldn't help but hurry to see her in any movie. . . . Jack Webb did a good deed for everyone when he put Ella Fitzgerald in "Pete Kelly's Blues." Ella sings and the singers listen. . . . No man should marry an actress without being prepared to listen to monologues about her career. . . . Dale Robertson completely eludes me. Sorry.

Jean Simmons is the friendly type. She makes you feel as if you're an intimate friend, although you know darn well you're not. . . . Suggestion to Frank Sinatra: Take the time to explain to people why you're going to act the way you do. They'll not only understand you but in most instances be with you. . . . Met Terry Moore at Schwab's without any make-up on. "Hi," I said. "I hardly recognized you." Terry smiled: "I'm disguised as myself."

I must ask Joan Crawford why she wears dark glasses when she sits in a booth at Chasen's. . . . Is Montgomery Clift trying to prove how long you can stay out of pictures and still be a popular movie star? . . . Sheree North has less chee chee about her than any actress trying to make it as a movie star. . . . I'm looking forward to seeing Katharine Hepburn in the movie "Summertime." This Hepburn fascinates me. . . . The two best male performances to date are Ernest Borgnine in "Marty" and James Dean in "East of Eden." At this writing, I haven't seen an exciting performance by a female. . . . It seems that the best TV shows are good movies ("Marty") and the best movies are good TV shows ("Disneyland"). . . . By the way, Tab Hunter told me this definition of a panelist: A man who can think on his seat. . . . Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers seem to have drifted so far apart that it's difficult to recall that they were once the most popular and successful team in pictures. . . . I don't know of any actress who has remained as sexy as long as Lana Turner. It seems like only yesterday when she had only a sweater to her name, which wasn't famous. . . . I don't side with the businessman who divorces an actress. A man who wants his wife to behave like a school teacher should marry a school teacher. . . . Our favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told an interviewer: "I've been looking for a 17-year-old with 20 years' acting experience."

Rita Hayworth better make a movie and get on the screen. . . . Wouldn't you think that the success of Doris Day and Rosemary Clooney in pictures would make some producer smart enough to sign Patti Page? . . . Here's a short short story in itself: Ava Gardner: "It's the first time I felt like a movie star." Dissolve to a few years later. Ava Gardner: "I'm a movie star and I'm the unhappiest person I know." . . . But you don't have to be, Ava. I know some guys who love you!

I'd say Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were the best example of cheesecake and beefcake married. . . . I prefer cheesecake. . . . It's difficult to accept the fact that Ann Blyth is not only a wife but also a mother. . . . Maturity has helped Robert Taylor. He was too young and too pretty in "Camille." Taylor now has to shave twice a day; then he didn't have to shave once a day. . . . Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor could become one of the most popular teams in pictures today. . . . There are many people who don't believe actresses should be like the girl next door. Clifton Webb once said: "I don't have to go to a movie to see the girl next door. I go next door." . . . But you can't object to the girl next door if she is Elaine Stewart or Debra Paget. And they are the girl next door to fellows I know. That's Hollywood for you.

she's got

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni. **Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.**

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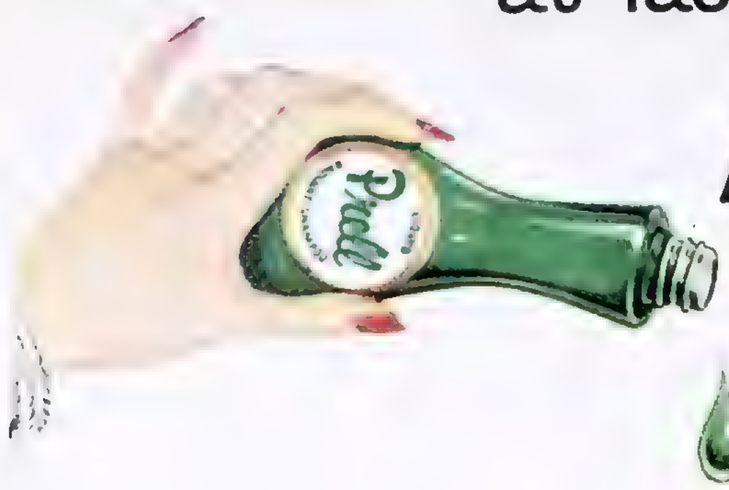

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that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID

PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather . . . rinses like lightning . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!

JUST POUR IT . . .

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery . . . some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair . . .

now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family . . . won't spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*—ounce for ounce it *goes further!*

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

SCANDAL IN HOLLYWOOD

Rory Calhoun, June Allyson and her husband, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, Burt Lancaster, Lana Turner and her husband, Lex Barker, Van Johnson, to name only a few of the stars, are being subjected to vicious attacks. PHOTOPLAY has received hundreds of letters begging to know the "truth." In some instances, these stories have dealt with marital difficulties, implying infidelity, in others, the scandal-mongering has implied the worst in human behavior.

"Please tell me what I should say to my teenage daughter," writes Mrs. Margaret Leiper in a typical letter. "She read your excellent article in PHOTOPLAY telling about Burt Lancaster's wonderful home life. Now she brings into our house an article that makes Mr. Lancaster appear to be a man of little principle. And he has five children! I think it is terrible to disillusion our teenagers this way. I've told her not to believe the article, but the disillusionment still stands. Teenagers should at least be able to grow up with ideals, able to keep their admiration for the people they look up to." Burt Lancaster is a man of principle.

We must all admit the existence of good and bad persons, even the coexistence of good and bad in individuals. Motion-picture stars are no exception, for they are a part of the common run of humanity. However, stars who are attempting to lead decent lives should be protected. Much has been written that is pure speculation. Much has been written that has little or no foundation in fact. Even more has been written revealing scandal, dug from the archives of the past, which has no bearing on the person the star has become.

PHOTOPLAY can only reply to Mrs. Leiper—if you seek to believe the worst of human beings, motion-picture stars *not* excluded, you can find something bad in everyone. But there is more good than bad in most everyone, and on this *truth* PHOTOPLAY stands.

Ann Higginbotham

EDITOR

Summer Curves . . . .

Ann is in "Hit the Deck"

How to keep a good figure? Ask Ann Miller —her measurements have never changed!

No hole-in-the-ground for Elaine Stewart —she prefers the ocean as swimming pool

INSIDE STUFF *Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

In the Swim: Back in the latish Thirties, Lucille Ball discovered Ann Miller hoofing her head off in a San Diego night spot. Today, Annie's fabulous figure measurements are exactly the same and preview audiences applauded it throughout "Hit the Deck." Romantically speaking, her friends still wonder if Ann will eventually become Mrs. Bill O'Connor. He's California's Assistant Attorney General and they've been dating off and on for years. . . . Until Viveca Lindfors returned to Hollywood to play Jean Hersholt's daughter in "Run for Cover," no studio ever requested cheesecake art; "I'm no Marilyn Monroe," Viveca laughingly warned Paramount, "so remember, *you* asked for it!" . . . But Mitzi Gaynor who has posed in many a bathing suit (for obvious reason!) is dragging the body beautiful home from dance rehearsals for "You're the Top." Bing Crosby is too weak to work from that kidney stone removal, but not too weak to come to the studio to watch Mitzi work out. "Whenever Bing walks in," beams the new Mrs. Bean, "it's just like opening night and I knock myself out!" . . . Cool, calm, Oscar-winner Grace Kelly has a new and offbeat feather in her famous cap. Since seeing that community bathing pool scene in "Bridges at Toko-Ri," a group of GI's elected her "The girl we'd like most to dunk in a pool with!" . . . Taina Elg (pronounced Tie-nah), who hails from Helsinki and landed in Culver City, always (*Continued on page 94*)

Mitzi Gaynor finds rehearsing dances by pool is fun. Apartment neighbors agree!

Mitzi's next in "You're the Top"

Viveca is in "Moonfleet," "Run for Cover"

Viveca Lindfors. Nobody ever asked for cheesecake art!

Taina's in "The Prodigal"

Taina Elg. For exercise, 12 pirouettes on the beach daily

Grace Kelly. GI's voted her girl they'd like to dunk with

Grace is in "To Catch a Thief"

Above, Piper and David Schine. "Every man wants to feel that he is needed"

When a guy meets an old-fashioned doll

BY PIPER LAURIE

● This is for every girl who has ever tried to understand the inner workings of the minds of men in general. It's for every girl who has ever attempted to read the thoughts of one man in particular and wonder how these thoughts applied to her—or, perhaps, why they weren't being applied to her.

If my guess is right, this is for every girl, period! Quite frankly, I'm writing it because I'm a girl and I believe that we all owe it to one another to pass along whatever helpful information we may have gathered. And as far as men—the understanding and the captivating of same—are concerned, I've learned that a girl of today can be her own worst enemy. The pity of it is that she rarely realizes it. As my grandmother says: "We may be past the horse and buggy age, but girls would do well to remember that an old-fashioned girl is never out of style."

This is something we fail to remember as often as we should. And why? Perhaps it's because we girls of today grow up believing that we're expected to be as independent as possible. We have a multitude of equal rights that our grandmothers never (*Continued on page* 75)

Piper Laurie is in "Ain't Misbehavin' "

Other men may whistle when you make an entrance, but watch your guy. He may be silent—with embarrassment!

A man doesn't object to a girl having opinions of her own, but he'd like her to be a lady and listen to his!

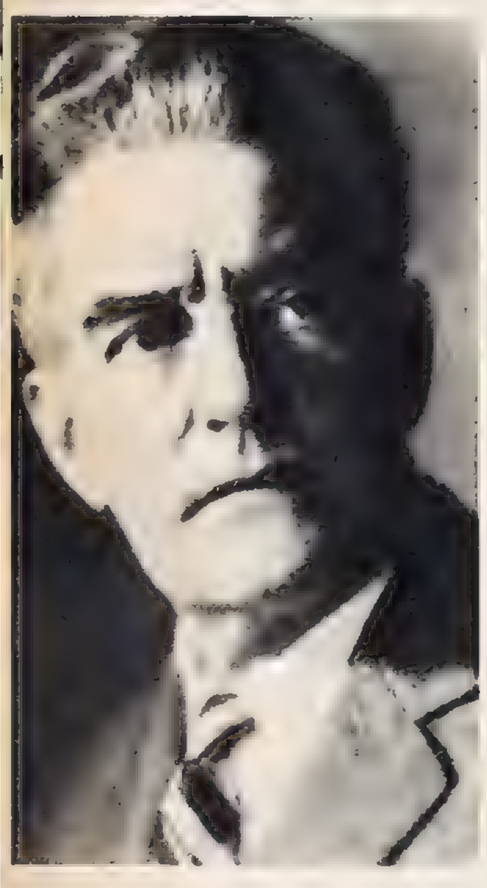
No man likes to trail behind his date—and letting him open a door for you won't brand you as helpless

You may think you're modern and hep to the boys—bu

did you ever watch the girl with the ladylike line?

TYRONE
POWER I

TYRONE
POWER II



TYRONE POWER III

Sometimes a man must stop and look back to find out where he's going. Today, Ty Power is standing at the crossroads—but the way ahead is clear

"If I had a chance to remedy the mistakes I've made in my life, I think I'd choose the same mistakes. The new ones might turn out worse!" It was Tyrone Power speaking, as he grinned across the lunch table. To me, facing him now, it seemed incredible to believe that some eighteen years had raced by since we first met—years in which fame, fortune, marriage, divorce, parenthood, war, travel and his development from a pretty boy juvenile to an actor of rich maturity, had made their

BY RADIE HARRIS

Old friends: Ty and the author

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

4 years with Marines interrupted marriage to Annabella.

A devoted son to the mother who has always inspired him

Secretary Bill Gallagher has been with Ty eighteen years

Daughters Taryn, Romina, are with estranged wife Linda

With John Ford, who directed Ty in West Point film "The Long Gray Line"

"Untamed," with Agnes Moorehead, wound up Ty's 19 years with 20th

With Katharine Cornell, his co-star in play "The Dark Is Light Enough"

Tyrone Power is next in "Lorenzo the Magnificent"

imprint. And yet, he, himself, had remained the same Ty-riffic guy I'd always known.

Not many people are given the privilege of really knowing Ty. He has acquaintances throughout the world, but among them are only nine close friends—and he's glad there are so many. The list is typical of Ty's fondness for people, not Names. It includes his loyal and devoted secretary, Bill Gallagher, who has been with him eighteen years; (*Continued on page* 86)

Add a cast, bandages and arm-sling to a guy, and you have all June, a frustrated nurse, needed. Dick broke his arm when ski struck an ice patch

In "The Shrike," with Jose Ferrer, June plays an offbeat role for her—as the cruel, selfish wife

Home, Ricky, looked good to June and Dick on their return. Their Sun Valley adventures had taught them something they both needed to know

June is in "Strategic Air Command," "It Happened One Night," "The McConnell Story" • Dick produced and directed "It Happened One Night" and "The Conqueror"

So you think Vacations are fun?

● Usually "vacation" is a magic word, suggesting freedom from responsibility and worry, release from ordinary routine and surroundings. It has been lent sparkle by travel posters and resort folders showing glamorous people swimming, dancing, surfing, skiing, and playing various games which require that a stick of some kind be held firmly in hand.

For two people in love, "vacation" means a second, fourth, seventh or tenth honeymoon—which automatically brings us to June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Let's peel back the calendar to August 1945, when June and Dick were applying for their marriage license. As the documents were signed, June studied her fiance's signature and chortled "Richard E-wing Powell! What an (*Continued on page* 100)

All June did was pack
and unpack. All Dick did
was break his arm.
But guess what those
crazy Powells are saying?
They had a wonderful time!

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Drama student Vicki Lane, the kids who sit around Googie's with Jimmy, are all aspiring young actors, feel he represents new school of hepcat actor who knows it takes nights and nights of work to become overnight hit

Jimmy Dean is in "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause"

Demon Dean

Out of the corner
of his eyes he's daring
Hollywood to change him.
And telling the world
in his bebop lingo, he means
to act, not charm!

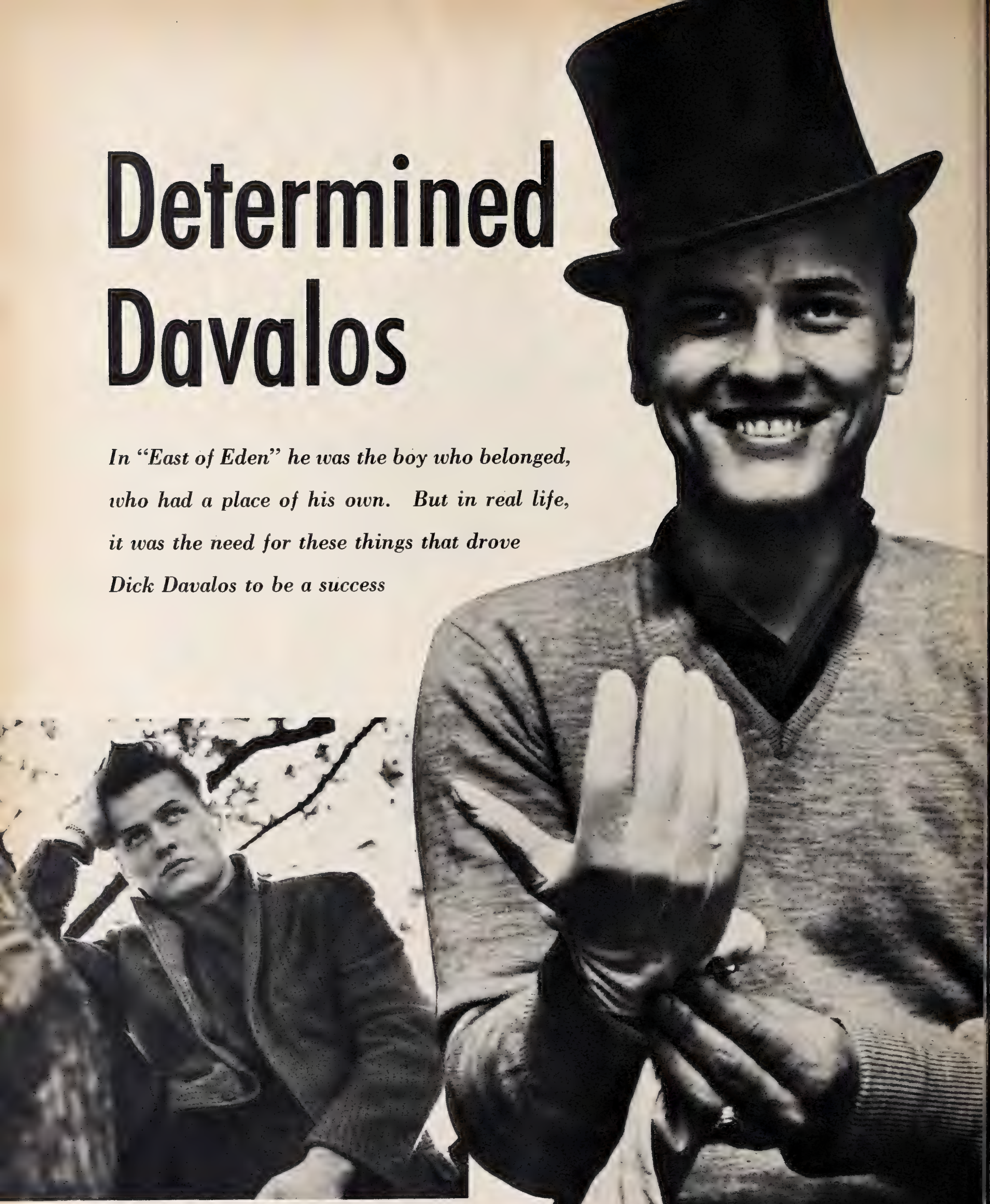
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

● Scene: Early in the morning at Googie's. A low-priced restaurant. The young crowd gather here after Schwab's (next door) closes at midnight. I'm sitting with a group in the booth in the rear. Between coffee and hot cakes and hot chocolate, I listen to talk about acting. Then a young fellow approaches. He is wearing a black leather jacket, a pair of old-fashioned steel-framed glasses. Jimmy Dean. I can tell by the way they greet him that they respect him. The talk continues. Jimmy slumps in the booth, seldom opens his mouth. When he does join in, all listen, and he says something like this: "All neurotic people have the necessity to express themselves. For me, acting is the most logical."

The discussion continued until about three in the morning. Jimmy interrupted the debate (discussions between actors always turn into debates), asking: "Any you cats (*Continued on page* 77)

Determined Davalos

In "East of Eden" he was the boy who belonged, who had a place of his own. But in real life, it was the need for these things that drove Dick Davalos to be a success



As a boy, Dick was boarded out, found refuge from loneliness in movies. "What other kids got from parents, I got from the movies. They gave me a sense of values"

BY FAITH SERVICE

● Every evening last fall at a quarter past five, a neat, well-built young man would rush past the ticket booth of the Trans-Lux Theatre on 85th Street and Lexington Avenue, throw a quick hello to the girl behind the glass window and slip into the side entrance of the theatre. Fifteen minutes later, in his usher's uniform, he was as indistinguishable to the patrons whose stubs he collected as any other dark-suited New York usher.

Yet, six months later, these same patrons, plus a few million more, were plunking down money to see this young man, Richard Davalos, in a dramatic movie hit called "East of Eden." As for ex-usher Davalos, he was still counting movie stubs, but with lots more personal interest. For as "East of Eden" made boxoffice thunder, he saw each ticket sweep him nearer and nearer to stardom—and to a lifelong dream.

Dick's dream began years ago in the apartment-crowded Bronx, where he was "boarded out" with strangers. He was six years old. Times were hard and words like "depression," "out of work," "tough break," were all too often heard (*Continued on page* 89)

Dick and Tab Hunter met when both tested for "Battle Cry." Now they're in "Sea Chase," above

Dick first read for Jimmy Dean's role of Cal *in "Eden" (with Julie Harris) but was drawn to* Aron

Dick and Lori are in "Jagged Edge"

He finds girls like Lori Nelson warm and friendly. But he doesn't date much. When he marries, he wants children—hopes to adopt a couple. "It's tough being left parentless"

Dick's no stranger to soda fountains! During his determined struggle to become an actor, he worked at various odd jobs—one of them as a soda jerk at Schrafft's

Coming back by boat, Jeanne and Paul felt like second honeymooners. But misadventures weren't over—as they learned later, on last lap of journey home by car!

Jeanne Crain is next in "The Second Greatest Sex"

From California to London To BEDLAM

Take four children and a growing collection of antiques, add mumps, a blizzard and a sandstorm and you have what Jeanne and Paul called—a family honeymoon!

BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

● The earth was covered with a thin blanket of gray snow and even the buildings of the London airport were half hidden by the heavy mist; the sky was the color of lead.

Jeanne Crain shivered and put her hands in the pockets of her heavy coat as she waited for the New York to London plane. She was waiting for her husband, Paul Brinkman, and their four children to begin a three-month European jaunt.

Blowing on her hands to keep them warm, Jeanne watched the sky carefully.

"Cup of tea, ma'am?" the airport attendant asked her.

"No, thank you," Jeanne said, not (*Continued on page* 95)

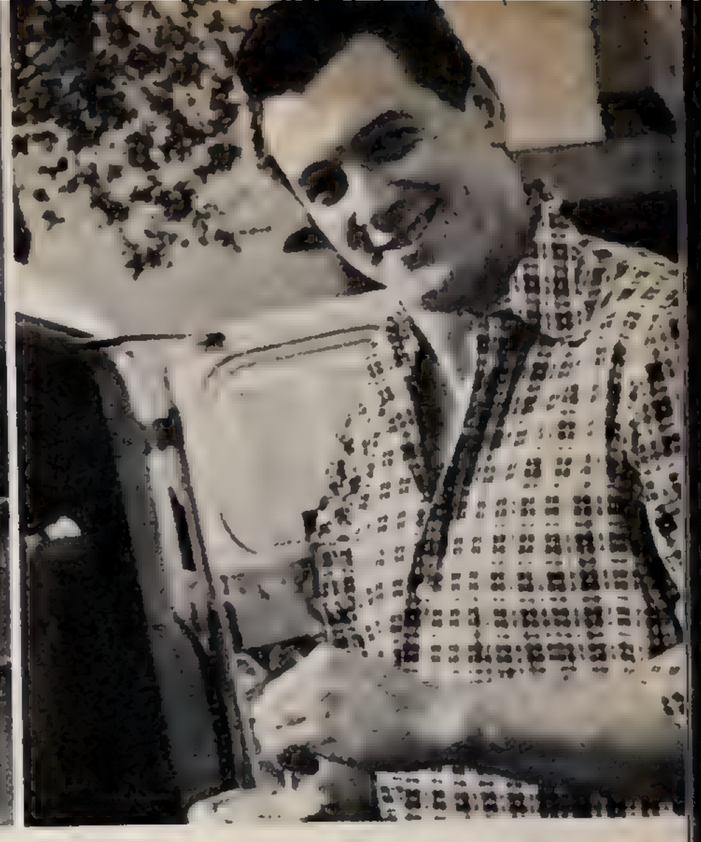
Bedlam began when Jeanne, making "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," with Jane Russell, asked Paul to bring children to London

Besides Paul Jr., Mike, Jeanine and Timmy, the Brinkmans traveled with eight suitcases, eleven trunks, twenty-two crates!

Jeanine's Mom says she never wants to see another trunk! But she knows she'd take same trip again

"As far back as I can remember," says Rock, "I've lived in other people's houses—never in a place I could call my own"

He turned thumbs down on a decorator. "I want to do it my own way. Maybe it won't match, but it will be comfortable"



Rock Hudson is in "One Desire" and "Giant"

When Rock first opened the door and walked into the living room he felt like a kid who'd run away—and come home again

Rock with new leading lady Cornell Borchers, winner of British Oscar for '54. They'll co-star in "A Time Remembered"

Hudson's Hideaway

What does a man need to settle down? Says Rock, four walls and a place to call his own!

BY DON ALLEN

● It was an odd thing to do. But he couldn't help it. He'd been standing in front of the house, just looking at it—looking at the beams and bricks and shingles that were a part of this snug structure. He walked over and placed his hand against the barn-red board siding, touching it affectionately as you would a pet—in a way it was—to Rock Hudson.

"As far back as I can remember," Rock says seriously, "I have lived in other people's houses. When I was a kid, during the bad times when money was scarce, we lived with our relatives. Then later, there was a succession of landlords with rented houses and rented apartments and never a place I could call my own.

"But now, at last, I have my own house with a hearth and a latchstring and a winding garden path. And it gives me a nice comfortable feeling, a real feeling of belonging. I like it.

"To me, having my own (*Continued on page 79*)

TERRY MOORE:

It's wise to take time
to make sure it's love.
But when love is real
I don't think you
have to weigh it

"When it's real love," says Terry, here with Nick Hilton, "it gives you a lift"

Terry Moore is in "Daddy Long Legs"

WHAT IS THIS THING

● You don't know exactly how it began. He was just another date until . . . you looked across your chocolate malted, caught him staring fondly at you and you both began to smile, then laugh, and your heart did a double flip. On the way home, he held your hand; the walk seemed much too short, you both agreed, and reluctantly you said good night. The next day you could hardly wait until he called. It all began as simply as that—and before you knew it, you were daydreaming during English, writing his initials on the corner of your notebook and wearing his class ring. Sometimes now, you feel like skipping; other times you can hardly eat. Folks wink and say you're in love. But how can you tell?

"Is there a way of making sure?" you ask. Are there tests to take, any questions to ask to help you distinguish between love and infatuation? Love gives companionship, peace, security. Infatuation leaves you with nothing but a scorched and heavy heart?

We posed this question to Donna Reed and Terry Moore, and both girls believe there are ways of making sure it's love. While Donna and Terry are temperamentally unalike, they have one important thing in common. They've both had youthful marriages

DONNA REED:

Before you can determine you're in love for keeps you'd better think— are you right for each other?

During courtship, Donna and Tony Owen learned to enjoy each other's interests

Donna is in "The Far Horizons" and " The Mark of the Leopard

CALLED LOVE?

BY GLADYS HALL

that did not last. Donna has since remarried, happily, and is the mother of three children. Terry's being cautious. But from their first marital mistakes, they feel they've learned something that may help you.

"When you're young—sixteen or seventeen—love seems so overwhelming," Donna said. "You're so vulnerable then, so wanting to be loved and so idealistic that it's difficult to analyze the heavenly state you're in. But it can be done.

"Love is a word that has been highly abused. Today it's almost impossible to define. But before you can understand love, you must know what it means.

"If you've suddenly been swept off your feet by the curly-haired boy who just transferred to your school, you're not in love. For infatuation comes suddenly, while love takes more time.

"Perhaps you're in a state of bliss when you gaze into the dark brown eyes of your date and murmur to yourself, 'This is it.' Then when you don't see him for a week you forget he ever existed. This isn't love. For infatuation may change quickly, but love doesn't.

"And if you feel that your attraction to him is all (*Continued on page* 104)

Mitch, left above, and below, with Olivia de Havilland, Frank Sinatra, in "Not as a Stranger," and above, with Shelley Winters in "Night of the Hunter." Despite rumors of feuds, Mitch gets along with co-workers, commands the respect and admiration of his leading ladies. Friends know his glib talk about acting being a business is just another Mitchum maneuver to hide his real feelings

Not a clinging vine, Dorothy has made marriage a sharing one—sometimes in spite of Bob's wishes

MITCHUM REVEALED:

"Not as a Stranger"

Behind those reckless headlines is the real Bob—a warm, many-sided human being, reaching out for release from his self-imposed loneliness

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● For years Bob Mitchum has shrewdly kept the monster Mitchum, top boxoffice movie star, as far removed from Mitchum the man as possible. He has purposely permitted his publicized exploits to be used to add color to the already colorful complex character most people believe him to be. What's more, he has made absolutely no attempt at his own defense. Yet behind the headlines is a man of brilliance, generosity, sensitivity, rebellion and great loneliness.

In the past year, the cardboard actor and the real man have started blending. There are good reasons. His friends, coworkers and enemies can tell you in part of the real man. Mitchum himself, inadvertently, helps give a first in the untold story of a misunderstood (*Continued on page* 69)

THE

Just an everyday guy, Tom Ewell fancies himself as a ladies' man. He pictures a touching hospital scene, with a nurse (Carolyn Jones) who—of course—falls madly in love with him. But when he's in his apartment with a very real Marilyn, what do they do? Eat potato chips

In daydreams, Tom has seen himself playing a brilliant concerto for Marilyn, softening her heart with music, sweeping her into a passionate embrace. But, in actuality, Marilyn plays "chopsticks," and Tom finds that piano benches aren't really designed for passionate embraces

As an editor of pocket-size books, Tom specializes in giving lurid, sexy titles to scholarly works—like a serious study written by the outraged Oscar Homolka. But when Tom's off the job, he's a bashful character: it takes him two-thirds of the picture to work up to a kiss

SEVEN YEAR ITCH"

Something in the shape of Marilyn Monroe is likely to haunt the daydreams of the average American male, and in 20th's "The Seven Year Itch" those dreams hilariously come true. Tom Ewell, who created the role in the original Broadway hit, is the lucky dreamer. A devoted husband, a solid citizen, he wistfully imagines himself as a dashing fellow, irresistible to women. When his wife of seven years goes out of town, he develops an urge to stray off the reservation. Suddenly, there's Marilyn—an upstairs neighbor who seems awfully available. But when Tom tries to turn himself into the Don Juan of his fantasies, the outcome in real life isn't especially romantic—it's riotous!

The way Betty Grable stacks up she can afford to make that challenge to girls of twenty-five

→

Mamie's next is "Ain't Misbehavin'" • Betty's in "How to Be Very, Very Popular"

Mamie capitalized on Monroe walk with Van Doren version. Now she counts on another look

Figure Foibles

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Even Hollywood's famous figures have their problems. Here's what they do to correct the shape they're in!

Anne is in "Bedevilled," "One Desire," "The Ten Commandments"

Anne Baxter won Oscar for way she delivered her lines, rates another for what she did to her own

Shelley is in "Night of the Hunter," "I Am a Camera," "The Jagged Edge," "Treasure of Pancho Villa"

When Shelley Winters wants something she goes after it. But it plays havoc with her diet!

● A friend of mine, a photographer, whose business it is to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative of some of Hollywood's most famous beauties, quoted me this little jingle when I asked him to describe the figures of the fabulous females on the screen: "They're either too thin or too flat. They're either too big or too flat."

He was kidding, of course, but the perfect figure is as hard to come by as a sure-fire formula for the proper way to react to a kiss in the dark. But when either is achieved, the results can be devastatingly rewarding.

As for instance—and I can't think of a better for instance—let's look at Marilyn Monroe. Mmmmonroe chose to emphasize her assets all down the line, and though Marilyn's figure isn't perfect by any means, she handles her torso as though it were—more so, than even her famous calendar.

Marilyn believes that the human derriere is the handsomest thing in the whole wide, wide world. This is her figure foible. And while everyone else was concentrating on the front, Marilyn attacked from the rear and made it pay—big dividends. No matter if her gowns are high-necked or plunging, they all have one thing in common. They hug her lower region with an almost frenzied grip. When Marilyn walks, her dresses walk right with her, and the wiggles they leave behind are calculated to attract the attention of any male within 20-20 seeing radius. Even when she

Continued

Figure Foibles

Continued

Janet is in "My Sister Eileen," "Pete Kelly's Blues," "Jet Pilot"

Janet Leigh dieted to the proportions she wanted—except in one place. Now she's trying to bring the rest of her to match

They say happiness relaxes a gal. If that is true, Vera-Ellen won't have any figure worries now she's Mrs. Victor Rothschild

doesn't walk, her dresses seem to move.

Mamie Van Doren, another blond with the wherewithal to provoke wolf whistles even when only sheep are around, was smart enough to make capital of Monroe's "way back here" method of reaching success and reaping publicity. Mamie developed her own crazy, up-and-down sidle that was almost, but not quite, a carbon copy of her more famous sister under wraps. Having achieved her purpose, which was to attract notice, Mamie is now changing tactics and stressing the forward look rather than the backward glance.

Practically every femme star in town has a figure problem—or thinks she has, which can be the same thing—but which she succeeds in hiding, usually by the oblique method of clever camouflage, or the equally effective means of drawing attention to her most outstanding attributes, leaving the fault in the boudoir or bedroom, to be discovered by her husband.

Eva Gabor, who describes herself as "the youngest of the Gabor sisters" and "the Gabor who can act," has a very beautiful upper torso but her lower limbs don't quite measure up to the waist and up. Sister Zsa Zsa is the first to call this fact to your attention. Not long ago she called to invite me to a party at her house (this was between feuds). She ended the invitation with this sweet little reminder:

"Sheilah, darling, we are changing from short dinner dresses to long formal dresses. Eva prefers long dresses, so I'm asking all the women to wear them so she won't be embarrassed."

Eva isn't the only one with something she thinks she has to hide. Of the old-timers, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer were practically never photographed below their waists, and of the younger stars today, Jean Simmons takes extreme care to hide her legs from view. That's the reason she prefers long blue jeans for daytime wear whenever she can get away with them, and full-skirted evening dresses for nighttime gamboling. I'm sure they are all exaggerating a mild figure imperfection, but you can't convince them.

Weight is (*Continued on page* 92)

When Jan Sterling went on that diet, she not only gained a sleek new figure—but a trim new nose!

Jan will be in "The Deadly Peacemaker"

You can't take even a perfect figure for granted, as Liz Taylor learned from a previous experience

Liz will be in "Giant," "Mary Anne"

Debra Paget is strong-willed. That's why what she had and has now—are two different figures!

Jean's in "Rebound," "Guys and Dolls"

Jean Simmons looks cute in those blue jeans—but that's not the reason she insists on wearing 'em

The marriage the whole world waited for...

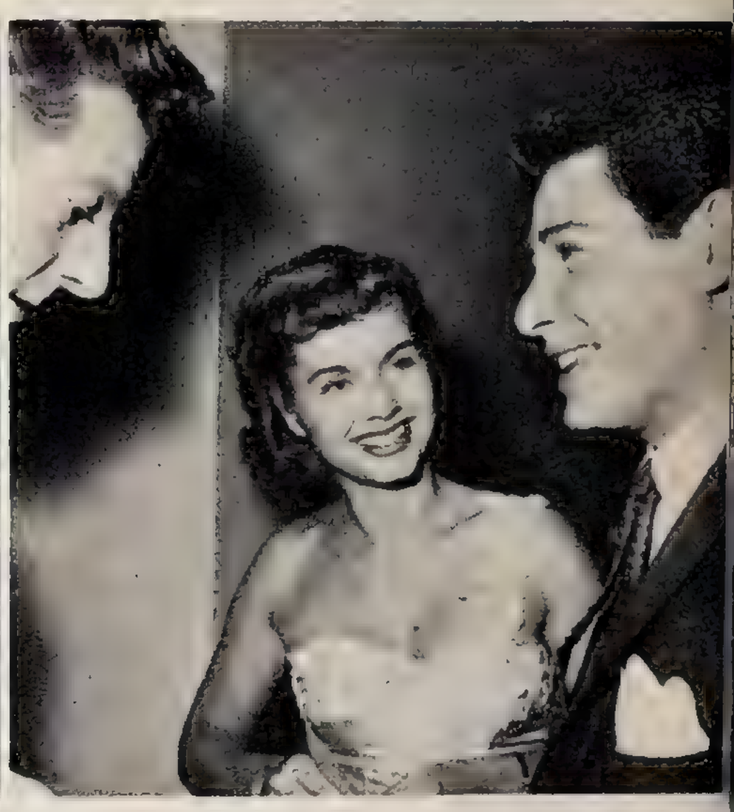
Boy dates girl, June 17, 1954. Eddie had a hunch this was it!

For six weeks, before Eddie went to Europe, they saw each other every day

At N. Y. airport Deb and Eddie wouldn't say—but the cameras proved it was love

Oct. 22, Deb gets her ring. Oct. 23, Eddie Cantor hosts at engagement party

At Christmas they shared happiness with GI's in Alaska. Above with Keenan Wynn



Deb's face began to appear with Eddie's on TV. *(With Danny Kaye)*

Deb, Eddie went to London to meet the Queen—got royal welcome

WHEN Eddie gave Debbie her ring, a sentimental sigh went around the world. Youngsters hoped that one day they'd find a love like this. For in spite of the spotlight, Debbie and Eddie remained always the simple boy and girl. Debbie's staunch refusal to be rushed into marriage—"We've got problems!" Eddie's "Gee, I must be in love," when he missed a line at a broadcast—were the sort of things the world could understand and share. Four hundred people attended Debbie's and Eddie's engagement party. Everyone breathlessly followed their trips to entertain soldiers, to have Eddie meet the Queen of England, to Hollywood where they

Debbie Reynolds is next in "The Tender Trap"

started the search for their honeymoon home. Then, followed the rumors. Rumor that hardly seemed believable—Eddie was fighting with Debbie, the engagement was being broken, Debbie was appearing at her studio without her beautiful square-cut diamond on the third finger, left hand. The blue-print was laid out for both Debbie and Eddie. The persons involved in his TV show were demanding that he postpone his wedding until after July 1 (Debbie had counted on being married in June, even if it meant a ceremony at midnight on June 30). It seemed hardly likely that Debbie could stand still another disappointment at this stage of the game. Her first disappointment had come when she had to put aside her plans for a thousand persons at a giant wedding. Other disappointments followed, but Debbie took them as any intelligent young woman would—the conferences, the mobs, the never-ending attempt to escape for just a moment to be alone with Eddie. She might have been a wise young lady to have taken her mother's advice and been married in a quiet town in England—but Debbie didn't want life that way. Realistically, Debbie had lived in the spotlight for years and so had Eddie. This was the way life was always to be lived by them and to begin marriage by trying to avoid it, was pretty silly. Said Debbie to one of her closest friends in Hollywood, "I'm not expecting the first year of my marriage to be one long blur of romantic bliss. I'll have so much to do to make this a perfect marriage. I'll have so much to do to make it a lasting marriage. But what wonderful work for any girl to look forward to." To the engagement period, Debbie attempted to bring this same philosophy. She worked to make it the most perfect engagement in the world. Debbie has shown great sensitivity and sensibility in dealing with every phase of her personal life. We're counting on Debbie to handle intelligently any joys or sorrows now in store.

"Call it a power, God, or anything you wish," says Susan Hayward. "But always there is something to sustain us in time of need"

BROOKLYN'S CHILD

Susan Hayward is in "The Conqueror," "Soldier of Fortune"

Those who know the real truth, know that it was largely Susan's faith, her belief that marriage would work, which kept it together long before it failed

The twins, Timmy and Gregg, are happy, healthy boys. Susan hopes they will believe as she does. "Already they have great faith"

IS FULL OF FAITH

● It was a cool gray afternoon and the rain was softly falling and splattering against the windowpane. Susan Hayward turned on the small table lamp near the sofa and started a slow fire burning in the great brick fireplace, which brought a touch of added warmth to the lovely gray and yellow living room.

Sitting down slowly on the sofa near the fire, she started to talk. Halting and pensive words. "Ever since I was a little girl," she said quietly, "I have always believed what my father had told me. 'Susan,' he would say, 'as long as you believe, an angel sits on your shoulder and looks after you.' As I grew older, that angel became less real, it became more a symbol of God, of a beneficent power, whatever you want to call it. As long as I believed in it, no problem seemed too big for me to meet, no day seemed without hope. Only when I forgot to believe, when I failed to trust, did I despair and permit the problems of career, of maintaining a home for my sons, of personal frustrations to overcome me."

What Susan didn't have to add was that even on that terrible day, three months ago, when life seemed too tragic for her to continue, even then, a power pulled her through, helped sustain her. (*Continued on page* 83)

There have been times, Susan confesses, when her faith faltered. "Whenever I gave way to doubts, did things to hurt, as all of us do, then I was really in trouble"

BY DOROTHY MANNING

So happy she can't stand it!

If you've known what it's like to be walking on air—get dizzy when you breathe—hear music when there's no one there, you know what's happened to Janie Powell!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● Flying home from a benefit performance in Portland, Oregon, Janie Powell looked down below as the plane neared Hollywood. Somewhere down there, her heart sang, they are waiting for you. Somewhere down there is a house. Just a brown dot on green patchwork from up here in the air but the happy ending to all your dreams.

For Jane Powell today that one brown house represents Mrs. Pat Nerney's whole world. Inside there lives a man. An exciting man, full-Irish, with red hair and twinkling eyes, and whose "I love you" made life begin for her. There's a boy. A little boy named Ga (Jay) three and a half, who fearlessly stalks the neighborhood "jungle" of fieldstone and ivy, his little *Ramar* pith helmet on head and gun in hand, stalking wild game. And there lives Sissy, aged two, a little girl so gay of heart, who lights up the whole world, her mother's world, when she smiles.

The plane flew out of the clouds into the sun, with Jane Powell's own heartbeat hurrying along with it. On to her husband and the two little earth angels waiting so lovingly, so anxiously, and so conspiringly.

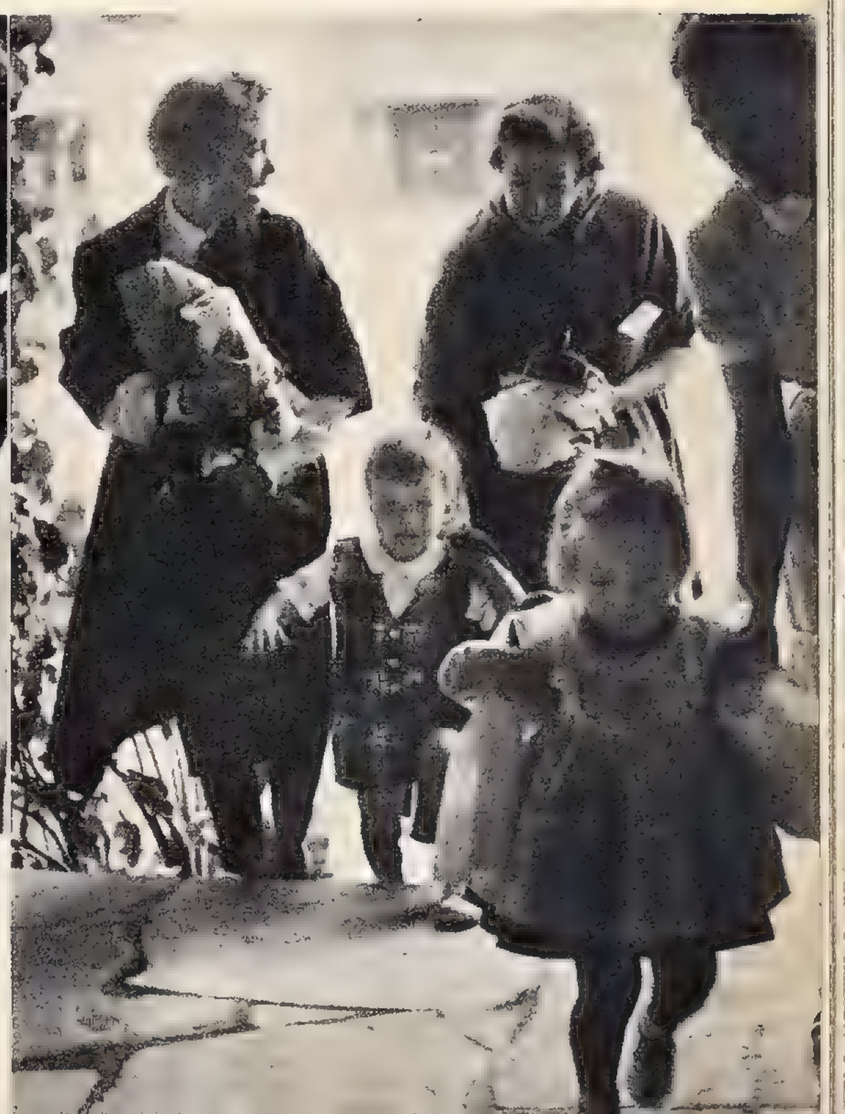
As the plane landed, Jane looked out the window.

Continued

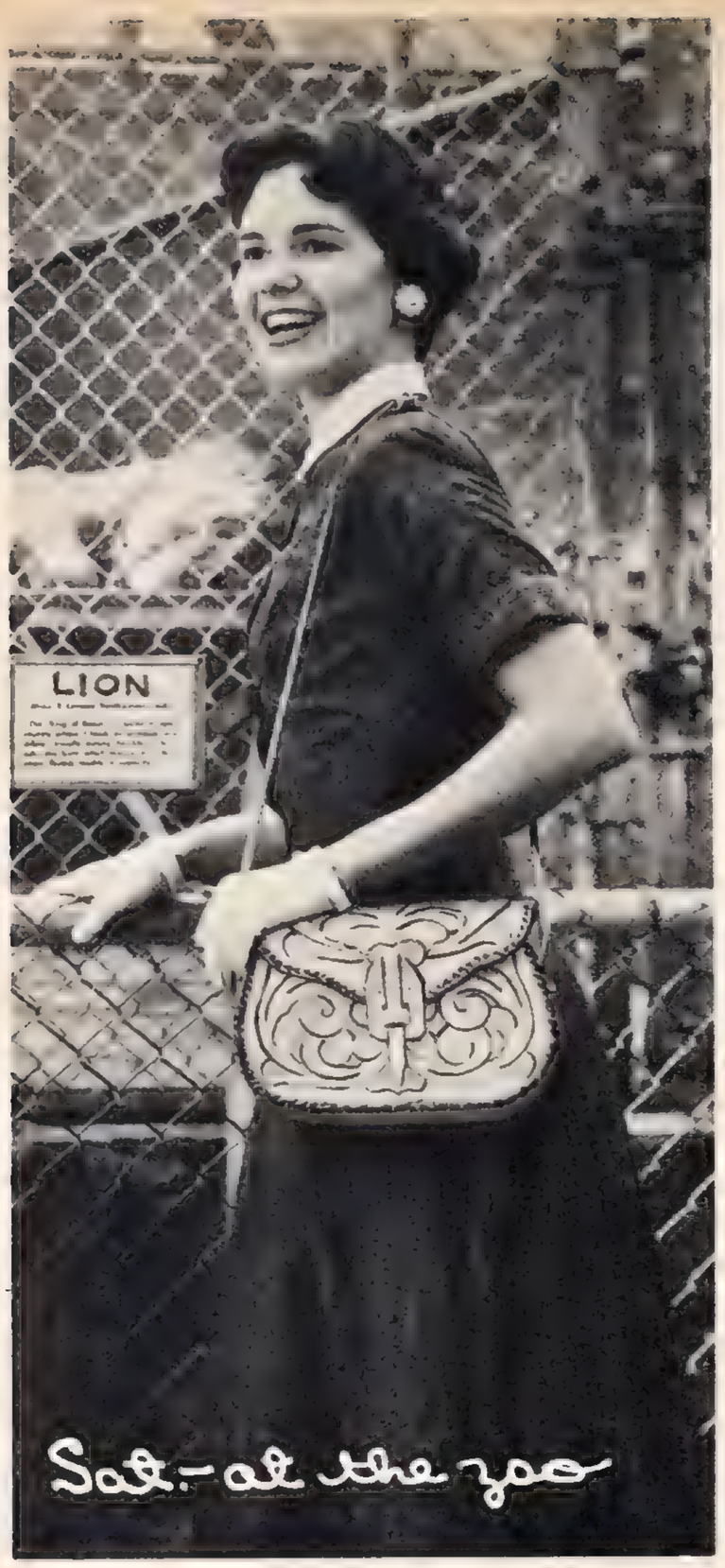
Pat is not only interested in Jane's career but in everything she does. Proud of her looks, he helps choose her clothes

Jane (with Debbie Reynolds) won't let career hurt her new happiness. "I have so much more than I ever dreamt I'd have"

That Pat is a wonderful father to Ga and Sissy is another source of joy to their mother. Children call him "Poppy"



Jane Powell is next in "Robin Hood"



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So happy she can't stand it!

Continued

Then she looked again. "Oh, no!" she cried aloud. With Pat and Ga and Sissy stood a harp of flowers four feet high, made of blue delphiniums with roses for the base and pale yellow flowers for the strings and flying a banner reading, "Welcome Home, Moms!"

She'd only been gone three days. But three days in Jane Powell's life today—without these three—is too long. "Oh, no!" She said again, as she ran to meet them, laughing and crying at the same time, and tried valiantly to clasp to heart one handsome redhead, two smaller blond heads and a four-foot-high harp of blue delphiniums.

Jane always cries when she's happy, and today hers are happy tears. The blue days, all of them, gone. Today, happiness has come home to Janie to stay. "I'm happier than I ever thought I could be," Janie says. "I never expected—I never even hoped life would be this good." Today, she knows love in all the fullness and richness of its meaning. An adult love such as Jane had never before known.

Today is a heavenly thing. And Janie's living it up joyously. She's traveling, seeing exciting places that were just names and rhythms and arias to her. Paris, Venice, Rome, Naples, Monte Carlo, Madrid—and recently Haiti. To a girl growing up in motion pictures, a girl married so young, and a mother so soon after, confined by all the demands of growing stardom, these places were once just backdrops on a sound stage. Just sets made of papier-mâché. But now they're coming alive for her.

When she was playing the Copa City club in Miami Beach recently, Pat joined her and, in an adventurous mood, they added the Caribbean tour. And Jane came home with another vaccination. "We're collecting them," she laughs. "This trip wasn't planned at all. It was just an impulse, but trips are much more fun that way. We had no passports or medical certificates with us. So when we came back into the states, we had to be vaccinated all over again.

"We went to Nassau, Haiti and Jamaica," she sparkles. "We did the usual tourist things. We window-shopped. We sunned on the beaches. And we saw the sights—as much of the islands as we could in the time we had."

She was enchanted with the quaint Old World flavor, the West Indians with their clipped British accents, riding around the island in the moonlight in the surreys with the fringe on top, the Calypsos and dancing in open-air clubs under star-splashed skies. "The way the women carry all those things in baskets on top of their heads. And the food! We were really impressed with the creole cooking. That's what impressed us most; we like to eat so much.

"In Jamaica we stayed at Half Moon Bay. It's very picturesque and romantic, too. The whole hotel—the lobby and dining room—is all open. Just a roof. No sides. In Haiti on Saturday evenings they have Voodoo dances all night, but we couldn't stay.

"I'd always wanted to go to Haiti. Now I've been there. Now I'd like to go to Tahiti and to India and China someday. I've seen more the last year than I've ever seen and been more places than I've ever been the rest of my life put together. There's only one thing—I don't like to be away from the children for a very long time. We were in Europe a month on our honeymoon, but that's the longest I've ever been away from them." They brought Sissy and Ga a few "little clothes—and little straw hats—and they love them." Her own souvenirs? "A big straw hat and a fresh vaccination," Janie laughs. And, of course, more romantic and exciting memories.

But then, today, even a safari to the sausage counter of the Farmers Market would be exciting for Janie if her husband were along. Ask her what she most admires about him and she says slowly, "His kindness and consideration for others. With Pat, everyone else comes first." And his wife particularly.

About Pat's thoughtfulness and attentiveness with Janie, there's no doubt. As her father says laughingly and approvingly, "Any man who meets his wife with a harp of flowers when she's only been away three days isn't going to leave much of anything undone."

Jane's father and close friends like Barbara Thompson are sure fate couldn't have produced a more perfect life-companion than Pat. Pat, who merits so much respect as a successful young dynamo in his own field, is equally appreciative of Jane's, and he shares her own deep devotion to home and family. As Barbara says, "Janie's a homebody and Pat's a family man. He's so atttentive and thoughtful, so interested in everything about her. And theirs is an intellectual meeting, too." Pat openly adores her. As he puts it, "Janie's the living end!"

He shares her own appreciation for music, too—his wife's, particularly. His vast and valuable record collection includes every record Jane's ever made, and (*Continued on page* 72)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

Opening the door to cool summer sleepwear, RKO's Mala Powers in a color-sparked Asian sheath coat, cowl-necked and slit to show the slim beige tapering pants. In peach-fuzz acetate and cotton. Proportioned sizes 32-38. By Tommies. Under $13. Capezio orange velvet slippers. Singing star Joanne Gilbert's a chic summer loafer in throat-baring checked gingham jumpsuit. Add the cummerbunded skirt for your giddier moments. Pink, blue, avocado. 10-18. By Loungees. $10.95. Daisy-toed playshoes, Oomphies

IEW SUMMER LOUNGERS LIVEN THE LEISURE SEASON

For Where to Buy lounge fashions turn to page 85

Below, Mala Powers in dream dotted lightweight short gown of dimple-knit cotton. Ruffled high and low. 32-40. Carter's. About $4

Smart approach to cool sleeping—Joanne Woodward's shirt and bloomer teamed in print 'n' plain cotton. Pretty Baby by Tommies. 32-38. Under $6

Joanne Gilbert in airy, lustrous Dacron and cotton batiste dance-length gown. Beribboned, rosebud embroidered Empire bodice. 32-38. By Tempo. Under $9

Mala in Mojud's iron-shunning nylon tricot Tone Poem pajamas with slick, bow-tied toreador pants. 32-40. Matching coat. Each about $7. Capezio slippers

SHORT CUTS TO

All fashion photographs by Bert & Stan Rockfield

New 20th star Joanne Woodward's in Columbia's "Count Three and Pray"

Bed by Hale's, New York

Left, Mala's enchantingly
smocked and dotted breeze-
light cotton shortie. It's
underscored with its own bloomer.
S, M, L. By Tempo. About $6

Joanne Woodward's floating short
sleeper in ruffled acetate tricot.
Its piped, split skirt relaxes
over matching panties. S, M, L.
Luxite. $3.95. Honeybugs slippers

Little frosty dots
enhance Joanne Gilbert's cotton
knit romperette, brief and bow-
tied. 32-36. By Carter's. Under $4

SWEET DREAMS

Joanne in a divine nylon tricot
gown in whimsical apple print.
Backless with lined bra, red braided
ties. 32-38. By Munsingwear.
Under $9. Capezio slippers

ook for Mala Powers starring in RKO's "Rage at Dawn"

*For Where to Buy
turn to page 85*

A

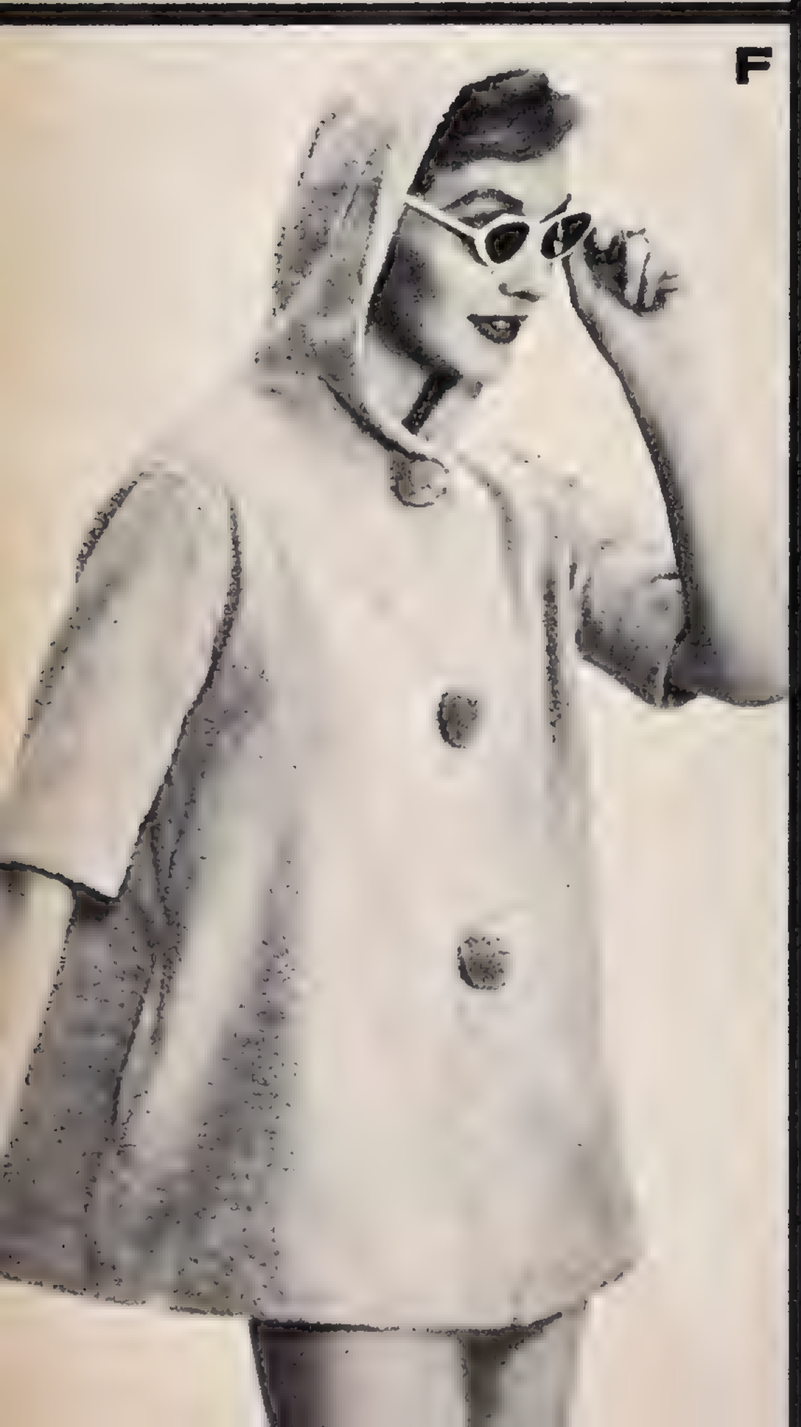
B

C

BEWITCHING BEACH EFFECTS

D

E



F

A The Islander, perfect summer playshoe of ruggedly smart, lastex-backed nubby cotton mesh. Non-slip sole. Blue, natural. By U. S. Kedettes. $4.95

B For a seaside siren, black plastic-framed, fine-lensed sun goggles ablaze with sun-catching rhinestones on a snowy bead trim. By Lugene. About $20

C Tote your stuff in a diamond-paned harlequin tambourine beachbag, new in contour, startling in sunny colors. All rubber-lined. By Kleinert. $3.95

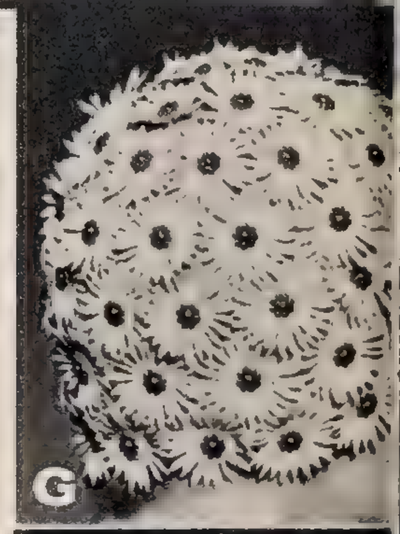
D Crazy, man, crazy! Joanne Gilbert's red beach hat of color-dyed wood chips, hand-woven in a dashing thatched roof shape. Veaumont. $2.95

E Long on whimsy, white linen Turkish toe shells, their black whisker straw trim bedecked with flowers and a very perky bee. Capezio. About $12.95

F Real beach treat, a thirsty terry toss-on beach jacket, protectively hooded, and closed for fun with puffy pompons. Small, Medium, Large. Loungees. $5.95

G Wild wave witchery in a flower-appliquéd cloche cap insuring snug, water-tight protection. White with colored pearl clusters. By Kleinert. About $7

H Gem for the water bug, U. S. Howland swimcap with embossed violet pattern. Inner water-sealing construction. With comb in plastic case, $1.50



G

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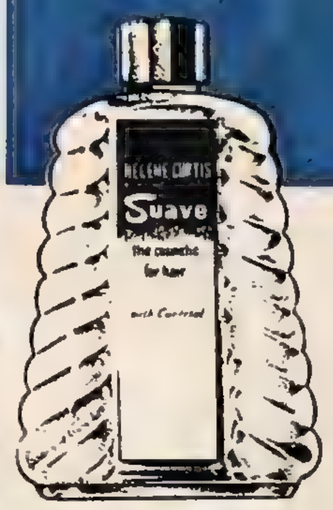

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When you "just can't do anything" with your hair—use Halo! Whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, Halo's exclusive glorifying ingredient leaves it softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. What's more, Halo whisks away loose dandruff, removes dull film, lets your hair shine with far *brighter sparkle!*

For dry, oily, normal hair

Halo—*the shampoo that glorifies your hair!*

10c, 29c 57c, 89c

Mitchum Revealed: Not as a Stranger

(*Continued from page 49*)

an. He fights like a trapped animal to ep his real personality from being seen, obed or written. This was a good ght . . . there are wounds and bruises both sides to prove it. Let's start with o stories that would make him squirm embarrassment.

Not too long ago, on a publicity deal, b posed beside a 27" television set. rotocol calls for the star to receive sample of the product. The Mitchums' t went to a local orphanage and was aced in the sick ward. This same or- anage also has the pleasure of a fully itfitted electric train set. Jimmy and hris, Mitch's boys, lost interest after hristmas, so off it went to the kids who ould love it.

Another time he sat in his dressing om at the studio with a batch of tickets the Shrine Circus. He bought them for e kids at the orphanage. Suddenly he alized the kids couldn't afford the accou- ements of a circus—popcorn, hot dogs, tton candy and peanuts. He startled a t of executives that day. Racing into eir offices he'd demanded: "Give me e bucks—or two or ten," The top man the studio was nicked for twenty. To is day they may not know whether itch was suddenly going broke or they ere donating to a worthy cause. At y rate, one hundred and thirty-five dol- rs backed up those circus tickets so the ds could go all the way. No one at the phanage knew who sent the tickets or e money.

Is it beginning to sound like kids are clue to Mitchum? While in Mexico ity on location he was asked to appear the local Boys Town charity. The udio gave him 500 pesos to donate. In uent Spanish, he talked to the group, lding 1000 pesos of his own to the do- ation. In essence his speech was, "I know hat it is to be lonely and not loved as child."

That is the key to Mitchum the man. e know that childhood colors and shapes entire life. Deep wells of memory in ob Mitchum are the reasons for the all he keeps so fiercely in place around imself—for his too-aggressive protection the "little guy" (with whom he identi- es himself), his deep love and devotion his own children and to all children, is deep distrust for man in general and is aching loneliness. The complexities Mitchum are very simple when viewed om the beginning.

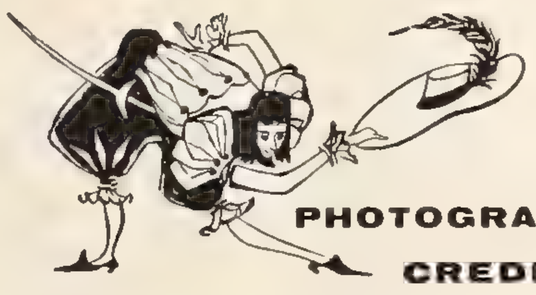
His father was killed in a railroad ac- dent when Bob was eighteen months old. is mother went to work on a newspaper support her three youngsters and a nsitive, brilliant, avidly curious child as free to roam the streets of Bridge- ort, Connecticut. At six he became bored ith Bridgeport and began his long search r his own answers. He ran away from ome. That time hunger brought him ome. But from then, until the police rew tired of finding him and depositing im back on his own front porch, he per- istently ran away, searching, sniffing and xploring life.

At twenty-one, Bob had been in almost ll of the forty-eight states and he was eginning to find his answers. Sometimes e found the right answers the hard way nd often the wrong answers the easy ay, but they all planted some mighty nplacable convictions in Mitch.

In hobo jungles, he found greatness—in laces of authority he found dishonesty nd cheapness. His contempt for au- hority took the form of resolute rebel- ion. His protection of the little guy ave him a kinship he had never known. They became integral parts of his personality. From state to state and job to job he learned many kinds of hunger, some he could appease, others continued to gnaw. The hunger of loneliness drove him further into restless wanderlust. Casual nonchalance became the cloak to hide his creative soul.

And under this nonchalance, his brilliance and sensitivity was growing through constant reading. Reading became an opiate. His retentive mind began storing bits and pieces and big hunks of knowledge away. His creative talents began to stir and he started writing. He wrote night-club material for his sister, Julie, and radio scripts. Quietly and for himself he started writing prose and poetry. There are two publishers with standing offers to publish his works when and if he says yes. But publishing his real writing would show the real Mitchum and he's not ready for that yet. However, his intellectual and emotional fineness show when he doesn't realize it. And his amazing memory and well-rounded education in reading quite often lets him go to bat with an authority on a subject and come out on top, which he loves.

His memory also shines when he gets a guitar in his hand and a small group of friends and lets loose with his rich baritone. He can sing old ballads for hours.



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He feels music is the truest expression of man—perhaps because it does not have to articulate. He has a great record collection, from Bach to boogie, and it is used constantly when he's home.

And home began with marrying Dorothy. Marriage was a wonderful step for Robert. For the first time he learned the emotional meaning of sharing himself with another, blending with someone else's desires and wanting to put down roots—and being loved. Their first home was in Long Beach with seven other relatives in a two-bedroom house, then a tiny crackerbox, where their first child, Jimmy, was born and finally the lovely, comfortable place they now have. Fortunately, Dorothy is not a clinging vine. She has made their marriage a sharing one. They are comfortable together, laugh together and fight together. They both have a deep love for their children, Jimmy, 13, Chris, 11, and Petrine, now three years old.

It is with the children and Dorothy that the real Bob relaxes and enjoys, without his dukes up, the giving and receiving of love. He takes time with his children. He lets them know he loves them. He is proud of them.

If you were one of the few in the inner circle of Mitch's friendship, you would have much to say about his beautiful speech, his deep soul and his inner perception. These few friends that he trusts, he permits to see him as he is. But they are probed completely before they enter. His hobby is people—individually, not generally. He is full of impractical compassion. He forgets important dates when he finds some distraught soul in need of talk or money. If it's a little guy with a problem, there Mitch will be. Like the assistant director who was going to New Orleans to spot locations. New Orleans is one of the loves of Mitch's life. He knows it intimately. So quietly, he long-distanced his friends there and asked them to give the assistant director the full v.i.p. treatment, resulting in the director having "one of the greatest experiences in my life."

He is overly generous with all his possessions and money. When he received a gift of a $350 barbecue, complete with motor, it immediately went to a guy who had a small place in the valley who would love a lavish barbecue. A hard luck story has gotten the shirt off his back, the watch off his wrist or whatever he has in his pocket, be it five or five hundred dollars.

Dorothy finally insisted he have a business manager. Now he's on an allowance and finds it difficult to be a one-man give-away show. He also has finally realized that with taxes what they are, he must plan for the future of Dorothy and his children and is beginning to accept his responsibility without rebellion and with pride.

His friends are aware of his extreme needs in friendship. There are times when he is still the loneliest man in the world and is actually afraid to be alone. In these moods, he will talk all night with a "long on patience" friend until daylight eases his need. At the other extreme, he wants to be completely alone. Many times he has disappeared in the Florida swamp country for a month or two. The natives of the swamp accept him and he wanders restlessly, fulfilling some hunger. One time, Howard Hughes wanted him for a picture and finally had to send the State militia fifty miles into the swamp country to find him. Other times, he will disappear into the jungles of Mexico or strike out for the fishing country in the Northwest. These sudden revolts caused by "boredom," he says, are strongly reminiscent of the wandering boy who kept searching outside himself for the answer to inner peace.

That wandering boy also found the instinctive sense of survival. Through the years he has turned that awareness into a diplomacy par excellence. For every time he has broken into print, there have been a hundred other times when he has extricated himself with great charm from a sensitive situation. Publicly considered a touchy guy, he is a natural target. One night while on location, he and Dorothy stopped in at a quiet little bar in a town near the set. A huge red-haired fellow took exception to Mitch. He moved down the bar and proclaimed his opinion of Mitch. Mitch suavely agreed that he was a first-class stinker. He and Dorothy moved to the other end of the bar. The man followed. He reiterated his opinion in stronger terms. Mitch agreed. He and Dorothy went to a table. The man followed and made a crack about Dorothy. He made one crack and he hit the floor. In spite of his protest, "I'd rather be an honest roughneck than a well-bred rogue," Mitch is a gentleman through and through.

When Mitch and Jane Russell appeared at the unveiling of the Iwo Jima monument in Oceanside, they were asked to

stay overnight and do a show at Camp Pendleton the next day to raise funds. They agreed, so Jane and her traveling companion and Bob and his studio representative booked in at the local hotel and ran into Herb Jeffries. He was doing a stint at a local club to help out the owner who had befriended him when he needed it. They made a deal. Herb would appear on their Marine show the next day and they would appear at the small night club that night and give the place a boost. That night the place was full of smoke, on-leave Marines and their dates. Jane and her companion left. Bob and his studio friend stayed on. Pretty soon, all the girls were running over to Bob asking for his autograph and frankly flirting. The Marines, suddenly bereft of dates, started muttering and looking decidedly dangerous. Mitch cased the situation and said in a very loud voice, "Look, girls, this is very flattering, but these boys could tear me apart. Now you go back to your tables and when you get a Marine to come over here with you, I'll do anything you want me to." The girls went back to their dates, the Marines subsided and eventually Herb Jeffries sang.

Mitch is completely aware of the people around him at all times. While checking out a new individual, he probes, pulls back, makes tentative verbal passes at communication and finally, having the individual pegged, he becomes available for surface friendship. Every leading lady he has ever had speaks with respect and admiration for Mitch. Whatever the personality of the leading lady, Mitch makes himself compatible for the length of the picture. Jane Russell, who turned into a close friend, feels that Mitch's vision and intellect is way beyond that which is comfortable to the average man. Ann Blyth, indeed a perfect lady, met only a perfect gentleman on the set of their picture. Ava Gardner was grateful that Mitch looked immediately past the glamour girl and saw her as a person and treated her that way.

Olivia de Havilland had a ball with Mitch on the set of "Not as a Stranger." A good sport herself, she and Mitch and Frank Sinatra kept constant gags going. One day, Mitch was standing with an almost empty tin of beer in his hand. Olivia came up straight-faced and opined, "Robert, you will drink beer. Don't you realize you will become fat and dissipated and ruin your career?" With which she grandly swept the can from his hand. The next day a columnist reported a hot and heavy feud going on between Olivia and Mitch. Something about tossing beer at each other. It made juicy reading, but it didn't dampen the fun on the set.

Karen Sharpe, recently working with Mitch and Jan Sterling on Sam Goldwyn, Jr.'s "The Deadly Peacemaker," appreciates him very much. Her first day of shooting also happened to be her big dramatic scene. She was working on her ulcer degree, when Mitch suddenly pulled her down on his knee and started gently massaging the back of her neck. He relaxed her completely without one admonition of "Relax, pull yourself together," or "You'll be great, kid."

There was great excitement on the set of Stanley Kramer's "Not as a Stranger." The cast and crew knew they were putting together a great motion picture. Mitch was there as the doctor because Stanley Kramer believed he was right for the role. He had many opinions offered to the contrary. The challenge of creating the very best touched them all. There are performances in this picture which will make a lasting impression. Mitch certainly made a lasting impression on Stanley Kramer. He said, "Bob, in my opinion, is one of the finest actors in the motion-picture business and perfect in 'Not as a Stranger.' This will prove beyond any doubt his capabilities. I cannot praise too highly Bob's talents. He is an asset to any picture."

When "Night of the Hunter" was still only in book form, Paul Gregory, producer, and Charles Laughton, great actor turned director, rang the doorbell of Mitch's home, book in hand. As far as they were concerned he was the only actor to play *Preacher,* the psalm-singing hypocrite. Mitch read the book and became so enthusiastic that he cornered friend after friend to read excerpts from it. To some he read the entire book. He wanted to do *Preacher.* Four weeks before the picture started he knew every line of the script.

Charles Laughton was greatly affected by the performance. "Bob is one of the two finest actors I've every been around. His was an extraordinarily brilliant technique. It was his own performance—not mine—his own interpretation. We understood each other from the start. He is extremely shy and he knew from the first that he could relax with me. Directorially, I didn't try to pull it out of him. I built a wall around him, so he could let loose, and enabled him to give what he had to give. I've seen the picture now a dozen times in various stages of cutting and mixing sound, and I'm never bored with his performance. It's exciting and brilliant."

Two of the finest men in motion pictures have made unqualified statements about Bob's greatness. Other directors and actors will tell you the same. And yet Bob, without blinking an eye, will say glibly, "This is a job, like any other. The better I get at my craft, the more money I pull down. I'm not a movie star, I'm an actor. I'm not a freak. I've got a job to sell a product. When I was under contract, I was on salary. Now that I'm free-lancing, I'm on commission. The product has to be even better. Recently I started on a participation percentage deal. That means my initial investment—me—has got to be good or the product won't sell." That may sound all right at first glance, but Bob is not a businessman.

This matter-of-fact business approach is another Mitchum maneuver to turn the spotlight away from his true feelings. In "Night of the Hunter," he played the hypocrite, praying to the Lord and dealing out hell on earth with an enthusiasm that was sometimes terrifying. Hating hypocrisy, he poured out all of his venom in the role. Perhaps it helped him spend some of his inner suspicion, distrust and rebellion in a worthwhile way.

Lately, Bob has begun a painful struggle to put his publicized personality on an even keel with himself. Perhaps his inner knowledge of his capacity for greatness is being fulfilled by the run of excellent pictures, which will once and for all stamp him a great actor. At any rate he is beginning to conform. He has accepted the fact that other commitments go with acting. He will lunch and discuss business with an agent, go to parties that are semi-social but really strictly business, and appear at events he feels are a part of his profession. He is less apt to throw a verbal haymaker at a direct and personal question. Though habit is strong, he has not torn off into the wilds by himself for some time. The need for that devastating aloneness is lessening. After the "Deadly Peacemaker," he was working out a quick vacation. He vacillated between Mexico, Las Vegas and Lake Mead, but there was a difference. Dorothy and the kids were going along for the Easter vacation. The restlessness is changing to real wanderlust. He has always loved new places and new people, just the motivation is changing.

There's little doubt that some of the old Mitchum will always remain. There will be abrupt rebellions, startling statements and fevered violent action. But the turmoil within this sensitive, brilliant brash rebel is lessening. His inner fight for peace is slowly taking shape. The great aching void of loneliness that ran away with a six-year-old boy is being filled. He is feeding his own children the love and attention and belief in man that he searched the forty-eight states to find. His own hunger is being appeased in the teaching. And slowly he is learning to give of himself.

Robert Mitchum can be one of the greatest men in our industry. Many people today think of him as a near-genius. It's time the many people who do not know him are let in on the secret. This is the to-date untold story of a misunderstood man named Bob Mitchum. A story we think you'll agree should be known.

THE END

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by William I. Fishbein, M.D.

The antibiotics are responsible for saving untold numbers of human lives. Infections, once fatal, have been brought under almost complete control. Illnesses formerly causing long periods of hospitalization are now quickly relieved and convalescence materially shortened.

Many ailments, while not responsible for loss of life, nevertheless are responsible for much loss of time from work, are nagging, productive of much discomfort, disfiguring, and in general interfere with normal happy existence. Among such illnesses are colds, sinus infections, ear infections, sore throat, ulcers of the skin, and acne or pimples, particularly when small abscesses are present in the latter disorder.

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(*Continued from page* 62)

they're the most worn. His fabulous art collection now graces—and elegantly—every room in their house. He has many works of Paul Clemens, a Picasso, an original Renoir, to name a few—and now an original by Mrs. Nerney as well. Recently Pat came home with a complete painting outfit for Janie, setting the easel up in their blue and silver bedroom. And she's just finished her first subject, "Rag Doll Sitting in a Chair," which is little short of a Renoir admittedly, but in her husband's eyes it's also irreplaceable.

Having previously been married to Mona Freeman, Pat understands the demands of a motion-picture career. There's no problem here. Furthermore, as a successful automobile dealer, he's well acquainted with most everybody in her profession. "He knew all my friends when we married. Most of Pat's friends are in the motion-picture industry, too. He's very interested in my career; he's really interested in everything I do," Janie says happily. Does he have a favorite role that you've played? A favorite song? "Well, he seems to like them all," she laughs.

Far from objecting to her career, her husband is Jane's most enthusiastic and enchanted audience. He joins her during her engagements whenever he can get away, and he's out front every performance. "Pat stays backstage with her until Janie goes on. Then he rushes out front and takes a seat ringside, just as close as he can get to her. He'd be on-stage with her if he could," a musician friend says kiddingly. Janie welcomes her current engagement at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas because it's so close to home, and Pat can commute back and forth from time to time.

It's quite clear that husband Pat Nerney is, in fact as well as name, real head of this magic household. "Pat has a strong mind of his own," exclaims Jane. "He makes all of the major decisions in his definite way—sometimes the minor ones, too!"

Nobody was more proud of Jane's smash success in helping raise $11,500 for the Portland Symphony Orchestra than her own husband. And Pat was an enthusiastic ally in all her plans. One evening Janie and her father, who was accompanying her back to the home town, were going over some of the arrangements for her three-day stay, when Pat said interestedly, "Honey, what are you going to wear?"

"I don't know," Jane said thoughtfully. "I haven't decided yet."

"I think you should wear something young, the way people back home remember you," her father suggested.

"I think you should knock them dead!" Pat said.

Little more was said about it then, but her dad wasn't surprised when his daughter wore a glamorous red gown and knocked them dead. "I knew she'd do what her husband said," he laughs.

Pat takes tremendous pride in the fact that Jane's one of Hollywood's most smartly dressed stars. She's a very chic young woman today. She attends fashion shows with paper in hand, whips out her pencil and sketches like mad, then huddles with her dressmaker for any ramifications needed. One evening recently Pat came home with a hatbox in arm. He'd stopped by Rex's and picked up a smart black disc sailor he felt would be becoming to her. Janie's never had very much good jewelry, but Pat's taking care of that department, too, with gifts that reflect his own excellent taste and his pride in her.

For her birthday, Pat surprised her with a camel's hair coat. "I'd always wanted a good-looking polo coat," Janie says. "I don't know how he knew, but somehow he always does." They celebrated Jane's first birthday since their marriage dining quietly at Scandia, one of their favorite restaurants. "We were very quiet. That's the way I wanted it. We'd been on the go so much and I was leaving again for my trip to Portland." It was a very balmy evening, Jane was swathed in a voluminous polo coat. In accordance with Pat's instructions, there was a pink and white cake, but the management dispensed with the usual accompanying serenade. It was fairly obvious Mr. and Mrs. Nerney had eyes and ears only for each other.

For all the fact that Jane Powell is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's biggest box-office attractions, for all the thunder of applause, her favorite role today is wife and mother. More satisfying than any spotlight to Janie is the admiration she sees in her own husband's eye.

Her friend Barbara, anxious to hear all the exciting news of her first trip to Paris, couldn't resist calling Jane the first day back from her European honeymoon. The phone rang and rang. Finally a breathless Janie answered. "I had to take the cookies out," she explained.

"What?" cried Barbara. "She baked six dozen cookies her first day home from her honeymoon," Barbara says admiringly. "But that's Janie."

Let others collect only French originals at the couturier's. Jane collected the

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French chefs' recipes, too. And, true to type, her husband is her most satisfied customer. "Well, he just enjoys eating. He seems to enjoy anything I fix," Janie says modestly. Also, her husband's is a prejudiced palate. The only room in their home which is still unfurnished is the dining room. "But this has to be particularly perfect," Janie adds seriously.

The Nerneys' is a comparatively modest four-bedroom modern home in the Pacific Palisades. They have next door neighbors in all directions. Their house is one of many other California moderns in a new section which was once the Riviera Polo Field, a neighborhood now bristling with television serials and geared to the melodious shouts of happy children and to very thick traffic in bikes.

Janie supervised all the interior decoration and achieved a long-time dream of having a living room done in the Siamese colors of her late and beloved cat, Demitasse. "They're so striking and beautiful together," Janie would say. "Beige and black and turquoise." Her present living room carries out Demi's coloring, with it's pale cocoa walls, black, beige, brown and gold textured upholstery. It is striking and beautiful.

Jane redecorated the bedroom, using an elegant combination of silver and Pat's favorite hyacinth blue. The walls and rugs are pale blue, and the headboard of their king-sized bed bears a band of silver four inches wide. Even the doorknobs are silver. Pat found those.

The Nerneys have no immediate plans for buying a larger house or for building. "We're very happy here for a while," Janie says. "We're not thinking of that for the moment. Not for a couple of years anyway."

Their household presently includes only a nurse to take care of the children. Jane does all the cooking and the baking. She also does the serving for the small informal dinners the Nerneys give, usually for twelve guests. But Jane prepares and serves dinners for thirty, too.

Jane also does all her own shopping. She and Barbara usually meet at the Brentwood Market, pursue the bargains of the day and feed coins into the two mechanical horses out front while the children ride. They have family outings together, occasionally leading the brood into a station wagon and heading for a beach picnic. Jane and Marshall Thompson, Barbara's husband, are both fresh-air devotees. They'd like both families to take sleeping bags and camp out overnight, but so far they've just discussed it.

Pat shares all Jane's plans and interest in their home and in the most minute problems affecting any member of the family. Including Jane's momentary concern about a new dress she'd bought for Sissy for a very special occasion. "It's a little too large for her. I've got to go change it, but I want to wait until Pat's free and can go with me and help pick it out."

As would be expected, he's a wonderful father, too. Does he make the children mind? "Well, he doesn't let them get away with much of anything." He's "Poppy" to Jane's two, and Pat's adorable daughter, Monie, 7, calls Janie "Moms." "Monie just went home today. She's been spending a week here, and she always stays with us on weekends," Jane says affectionately.

Sissy, 2, is a miniature edition of her mother—and the comedienne and joy of the whole group. "Everything Sissy does is funny," says Barbara Thompson, godmother to Ga. "She kills us. She eats until it's coming out of her ears, and she's so tiny nobody can imagine where she's putting it. She's such a gay little thing. A real joy. There's not a crying bone in her body. If she falls down, she picks herself up smiling."

And she falls down frequently, shadowing her brother, Ga, which isn't always easy to do. Ga's the actor of the family. His is a kingdom of speedy space ships and "Ramar of the Jungle" outfits. He's a feverish TV fan, and his roles change accordingly. One day he's all cowboy. The next *Superman*. Then out come the shorts and the pith helmet and the *Ramar* gun for a neighborhood safari with Sissy bringing up an excited rear.

Jane's travel plans for the future include them. "We'd like to go to Tokyo someday. And we'd like to take the children motoring through Europe. But that will have to wait until they're three or four years older."

She's determined, too, that her career will never in any way infringe on their lives as individuals or upon their combined happiness. Janie didn't go to the studio the day after she got back from her three days in Portland, and she turned down all appointments. "It's my first day home and I'm going to spend it with my husband and children," she explained—and with a four-foot-high harp of blue delphiniums.

Of life, Jane asks only to keep today's happiness forever hers. "I'm not making many plans. I'm too busy living. I have so much now. So much more than I ever dreamed I would have."

"This," she sighs, "is the living end."

It's also the living beginning—with nothing but blue skies ahead.

THE END

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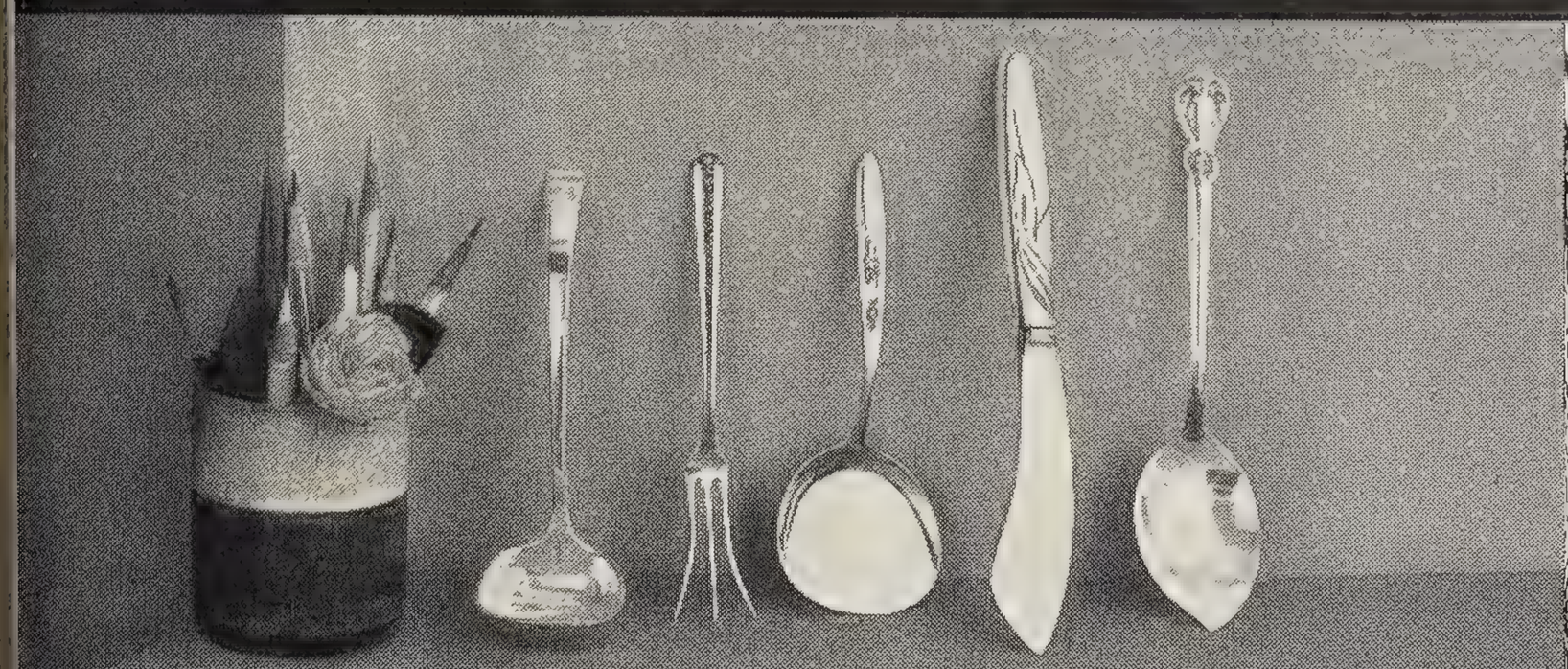

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beauty on the beach

by HARRIET SEGMAN

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Virginia's next in "Pride of the Yanks"

Photographs by Del Ha

Virginia protects her blond locks from sun and sea with liberal applications of hair dressing, a really watertight bathing cap and frequent cream treatments; is extra faithful about brushing

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A golden girl from top to toe, Virginia pre a coral shade of lipstick and nail polish to p up her tan; uses hand lotion all over her b to keep skin soft and smooth while the heat'

When a Guy Meets An Old-fashioned Doll

(*Continued from page* 32)

en knew when they were young women. We modern girls know that no one is ing to be shocked when we announce r intentions of pursuing careers. We ow that no one is going to laugh when a dy sits down at an office desk to do a an's job. We bask in the praise of edu- tional authorities. Politicians woo our tes. Marriagewise, we know that we no nger are considered a household orna- ent or a drudge. We're partners.

These days, girls have every opportunity be well-educated, competent, ambitious, terprising. And, above all, we can be dependent. Yes, indeed. Sounds fine, esn't it? Yet there are considerations at can send our Utopia crumbling. I can m them up in a word. Men. It happens ery day.

A present-day girl is expected to ex- ess her views. We no longer retire to the rlor while the gentlemen settle back for ars and conversation. It's considered mirable for a woman to be well- ormed and able to participate in a spir- d discussion. However, we should stop d think before we go treading on mas- line toes.

Some girls seem to have the idea that rcasm is always in style. That it's a phisticated sort of patter. But name me nember of our opposite sex who likes to constantly hit on the head with ham- rs or with words.

Not long ago, I did hear a man put his oughts about modern women into words. crowd of us had been to see a movie out the Old South, and afterward the oup stopped by the house for coffee. One the boys began to elaborate on the gra- usness of the Southern belle—the en- ring and endearing charm of the old- hioned girl, be she Northern, Southern, stern, or Western. "You don't hardly r see them around any more," he con- ded sadly, in a 1955 George Gobel tone. 'I don't wonder," remarked his date. aven't you heard? Chivalry is dead!"

'Well, now, tell me . . . who killed valry?" he inquired.

'Don't look at me," she smiled grimly. The boy leaned forward in his chair. nd what happens when you come to a or?" he asked.

'I open it, of course," she retorted.

'Of course," he repeated. "You go arging right ahead. There I am with an n full of muscle and I'm trailing you h egg on my face."

'I'm not exactly helpless," she exploded. d I shuddered, well recalling when I'd d the same thing.

'You're not at all helpless," came his swer. "You're terribly self-sufficient in respects. And you don't let me forget or a minute." He shook his head. "Mod- n women are getting entirely too mod- n, and I don't know where they latched o the idea that men like them that y!"

Now these two had been dating for a mber of months, yet the girl had never pped to realize how he felt about such ngs until he expressed his views in an idental outburst. Why hadn't he told r before? Possibly because he believed t she shouldn't have to be told, that she uld already instinctively know.

'A little thing!" you say? I'm not so cer- n. Several days later, I happened to re- e the incident to Rory Calhoun between nes of "Ain't Misbehavin'." He grinned broad Calhoun grin. "To a woman, a or may be a door," he said, "but to a n, it's a principle."

Truer words were never spoken. As

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children, we're all taught that little girls should grow up to be perfect ladies and little boys should grow up to be perfect gentlemen. "You mustn't threaten to knock Janie's teeth down her throat, son," a mother will admonish. More than likely adding by way of explanation, "She's a girl."

Mother is saying, in effect, that a girl is a fragile, precious thing—to be admired and protected and shown every consideration. All the while, poor Junior may be rubbing the bruised shin Janie kicked because she claimed the tree she was climbing was her property and he should go play *Tarzan* elsewhere. But nevertheless, he learns the lesson. And he learns it well.

Why is it that many girls choose to ignore rather than accept the courtesies that are so important to men? Why do so many step forward on two left feet in an attempt to win a man's approval? Again, I'll hark back to our early days, for I believe that's when we acquire a secret fear of being labeled "old-fashioned." It might as well be "poison" . . . the connotation is that we just aren't hep. And that would set us apart—exactly where we don't want to be. Consequently, the reaction is to shy away from any and all qualities that might be even remotely remindful of the dreaded term which supposedly refers only to Grandma's era.

For instance, take the matter of curfew, against which there is much rebellion. It isn't that a girl objects to getting the proper amount of sleep. Or that she doesn't tire when the hour grows late. More often, it's, "What will Jim and his crowd think when I say I have to be home at eleven-thirty? *Nobody* goes home so early. He'll never ask me for another date!"

Won't he? Speaking from my own experience, I've never lost a date that way. Not one that I cared about. My family imposed no curfew. However, they led me to understand that they expected me to be in at a reasonable hour. I was grateful for their faith in me and never took advantage of it for fear I might lose it.

Early in my dating days I discovered if you have to leave a party before it ends your departure is far less complicated if you discuss it with your date beforehand, so he may be prepared. Reasonable hours are matters of old-fashioned good health and good sense. And a boy is perfectly capable of understanding and appreciating this theory, providing he's given the opportunity.

When a girl continues through her life with the idea that it's smart to be as modern as possible, she's simply outsmarting herself. I've no intention of contending that a girl must resort to a clinging vine routine either. It would be foolish to pretend that we're completely helpless, that we're too, too dependent, and men would be the first to agree. However, I do think that we should keep in mind that such old-fashioned qualities as femininity, graciousness, moderation and some modesty shouldn't be allowed to get lost in our present-day whirl.

Since World War I, women have been accepted in business. Men admire a good business woman, providing she can still remember that she is a woman. However, I believe that all girls feel, though perhaps subconsciously, that we're invading what used to be considered a man's world. And since men maintain they had first claim, many a girl comes to the conclusion that she must prove herself. In actions and in words. There's nothing wrong with this attitude, if it doesn't get out of hand. But often it does. Then the girl sits alone and wonders why. "What have I done?" she'll ask and she'll really want to know. However, by that time the man's too far away to tell her.

And then there's the dedicated kind, th girl who seems to live for her career as i there were nothing else in this world. Th competition's so fierce, the strain so tre mendous that she finds little time to rela and enjoy life. Having learned to fight he own battles, she's become completely self sufficient and seems to need no one.

I suppose we've all wondered whether girl can be a successful career girl and successful woman, too. The answer, o course, is yes! Take an example by th name of Ann Blyth. When I first came t Universal-International, she was a sta there, and one noon in the commissary overheard a conversation which I took t heart. "Ann is a wonder," the produce was saying. "She stopped by the office thi morning to talk about the script."

"Understand she's going to be a blon in the picture," said his companion.

"That's what she wanted to talk about, replied the producer. "She didn't want t dye."

"And that means trouble," his frien began.

"Ann never means trouble," said th studio bigwig. "I don't believe I've eve heard her raise her voice."

"So she's going to dye her hair?"

"Well, no," smiled the producer. "We'r going to change the script!"

Ann Blyth has worked since she was child. Yet she's never lost the old-fash ioned qualities that have made her one the most respected and beloved stars i Hollywood. Her career means a great dea to her—it always has—still, from the firs she let it be known that a husband, a hom and a family would mean twice as muc She worked hard—at learning the skills homemaking as well as those of picture making.

Some career girls I've met would hav it known that they'd just as soon avoid th kitchen stove at all costs. "If a man like a helpless type, I can be as helpless a anyone, around the house," they'll gri slyly.

There's no room for a disinterested wif —in the kitchen or in a man's life.

These days we read and hear of the va numbers of American men who are mar rying European girls. And many of us ma be wondering why. Well, recently I hear one fellow who had wed a German gi elaborate upon the subject. "She seems t anticipate my every thought," he sai "She makes me feel as if I'm the center her world."

He said it smugly and he had ever right. According to this fellow, his wife far from a clinging-vine type. She's per fectly capable of making a bed, fetchir her own glasses of water, whipping up de licious meals. She has interests outside th home, yet her husband comes first. And r one doubts it for a minute. Including hir

American girls of today may say, "C course, men come first with us." But c they? What about the distractions of ca reers, committees and other activities These activities make for a well-rounde person and there's a place in every life f them. However, the trick is not to becon too preoccupied, too self-centered. A gi should take the time to understand a ma

Perhaps our grandmothers were fortu nate in avoiding our present-day distrac tions. They got to know their men. The men could look to them for understandin with no fear of ridicule. I'm not saying ou grandmothers never faced the freque battles of the sexes. But I'll bet almost a of them will say with a twinkle, "In ou day we won them—though perhaps w never had the satisfaction of letting ou men know it!"

Well, this is *our* day. So what are yo waiting for? To arms, girls!

THE END

Demon Dean

(*Continued from page* 38)

know where I can play the drums? (bongo) I got the urge." A young actress said she lived up in the hills; it should be safe there. "Wait till I go to the house and get the drums," said Jimmy. "I won't be long. I've got my motorcycle outside."

I couldn't resist saying: "What's he doing? Playing Marlon Brando?"

This was six months before Jimmy clicked in "East of Eden." Since then, a lot of people have compared him with Brando. "Is Dean deliberately doing a Brando" is good for discussion-to-debate at Schwab's and Googie's with the young set anytime. They believe an actor's popularity is definitely related to the social complexion of an era. As Binky Doyle put it one night at Googie's: "Shakespeare said, actors 'are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.' Get it?"

Well, what I got from all this talk is that Dean resembles Brando because they both represent today. That's why so many actors today work like Brando. As Brad Jackson, one of the gang, said: "If all actors who work like Marlon voted, no wonder he won the Academy Award." There's a point here. Dean represents one of a whole new hep cat school of acting.

I didn't attend the music session that night. I went home to get some much needed sleep. Now stay with me. We're going to play it again—only some months later.

Scene: Googie's. The important point is that it's months later.

Jimmy Dean had finished his first movie, "East of Eden." It had been sneak-previewed. Word was in the Hollywood air and smog that James Dean was "great," "a new star," "He'll be up for an Oscar."

Well, Dean walked in the same manner, wearing the same outfit, to the same booth. He was the same Dean. But to the customers and the waitresses he was movie star Dean.

The youngsters who sit around Googie's with Jimmy are, in the main, ambitious actors and actresses. They respect talent. They admired Dean before he hit the jackpot. These aspiring actors, and this is important, don't resent Dean's success. They don't say, as others do: "He got the break. If Kazan had his eye on me I'd be as good, maybe better."

This is a sample of the Hollywood revolution. The new style of serious young actor believes that an unknown like Dean, getting to star in a first picture, might make it easier for them. Maybe Hollywood producers will learn another lesson.

Therefore the newcomers keep studying, talking, breathing acting. They want to be ready when their big chance comes. They know it takes nights and nights of work to become an overnight sensation.

Jack Simmons and Binky Doyle and Jack Kramer and Tony Lee and Mila Nurma, who sit around Googie's, know it was this way with their boy Dean.

Look at some of those other nights quickly. The lonely nights on a Fairmont, Indiana farm. The nights at UCLA where Jimmy didn't startle the campus in any college play. The serious talks about acting with James Whitmore, who lived only a few blocks from the University. Later, the nights Jimmy left his Broadway hotel only to go to a movie, trying to throw off the bad feeling of being rejected by Broadway producers. The nights of studying at the Actors Theatre under the guidance of Lee Strassberg. These were nights to stay with Jimmy Dean forever.

Jimmy, you must understand, has character and integrity. He is also undisciplined and irresponsible. Anyone who really knows him is aware that he seldom

When an argument gets hectic, should you—

☐ *Tape record it* ☐ *Break it up* ☐ *Take the loser's side*

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex**, you're getting the softness, safety, complete *absorbency you need*—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.

Quick way *out* of your hero's heart?

☐ *Confess you can't cook* ☐ *Kiss and tell* ☐ *Be a mambo maniac*

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with Kotex. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that *holds its shape.*

Is the longer torso line strictly for—

☐ *Beanpole stature* ☐ *Chubby contours* ☐ *Little middles* ☐ *Laughs*

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a *slim skirted* dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex; learn which suits *you.*

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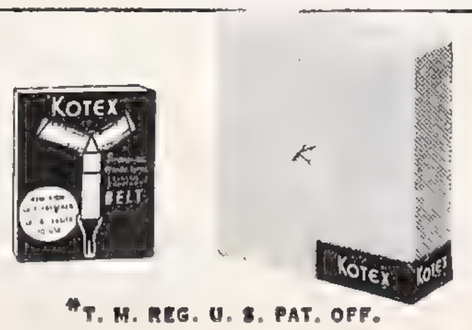

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

reacts the way he feels; only when bored. Then he doesn't bother with his defenses.

I'd say that the best way to describe Jimmy Dean quickly is to say he is Marlon Brando seven years ago. There's the refusal to conform to accepted patterns, right to the motorcycle. Yet, somehow, this comparison is unfair.

I'll start at the beginning. James Dean was born on February 8, 1931. He was raised on a farm by an uncle and aunt. His mother died while he was still a baby. His father was a farmer. The farm background and the knowledge of this type of people were useful to him when playing the farm boy in "East of Eden." Jimmy could fall back on his own experiences. He could give the words and Kazan's direction a genuine and individual interpretation. By the way, Dean has yet to read Steinbeck's *East of Eden.* He read only Paul Osborne's screenplay. "This was all Kazan intended to put on the screen," he says.

Dean attended Fairmont High School. He is athletic and was a member of the baseball, track and basketball teams. In his senior year he won a medal as the school's top athlete. He is still athletic; in fact, too much for his studio. The day before starting "Rebel Without a Cause," Jimmy went to Palm Springs for the Sunday automobile races. He entered his Porsche car in two events. He placed third in a race against veteran drivers and he won first prize in the race for novices. He couldn't understand why the studio told him he can't do this.

"It was on a Sunday," said Jimmy. "There wasn't any shooting." The studio couldn't convince him auto racing is dangerous. To him, it isn't, and they shouldn't interfere with his individuality.

Jimmy became interested in acting while at high school. I learned this during a number of coffee sessions. Binky, Brad Jackson, Mila Nurmi (Vampira) all asked each other what made them become an actor.

Dean said one of his high school teachers was a frustrated actress. Through her he entered and won a state oratorical contest, reciting something dramatic by Dickens. "Of course," continued Jimmy, "this chick only provided the incident. A neurotic person has the necessity to express himself and my neuroticism manifests itself in the dramatic." Dean and his friends were searching for the *true* reason.

Jimmy's lingo is a mixture of the bop, the analytic and the idiom of the youngsters. He is certainly in tune with the times. He uses whatever words get there first to best express his thoughts.

After graduation from high school, there came two years of pre-law at UCLA followed by some TV work and the enrollment in the Actors Studio. This is acknowledged to be the finest school for young actors. Elia Kazan is in charge, but the main coaching is done by Lee Strassberg, who has great insight about talent. It's my personal belief, I haven't any proof, that Kazan spotted Dean, trained him, and had Strassberg work with him for months and months. Almost secretly, as is done with a horse, grooming him for the big race. He wanted Dean to be ready and he wanted the right picture. Kazan waited patiently. Dean and "East of Eden" were made for each other. Kazan rode another winner.

"East of Eden" had its world premiere at the New York Paramount Theatre. It was a gala premiere. There was no doubt. It was James Dean's big night. All the hard lonely nights had now been rolled into the night of triumph. But Jimmy couldn't face his Big Night in person. Two days before, he left New York and was on his way back to Hollywood.

"This cat doesn't buy that," he explained. "I came to Hollywood to act not to charm society." Jimmy is young. He'll try to justify his conduct by saying the objective artist has always been misunderstood.

A few critics and patrons commented on the similarity of Dean to Brando. One movie reviewer hit hard and panned Jimmy for trying to act like Brando. Jimmy is sensitive. He was deeply hurt. But only a few knew this.

Dean has a unique personality, an individual quality which comes through. He has his own fine talent which shines when he allows himself to be himself.

Dean weighs 150 pounds; photographs thinner. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, but appears slighter on the screen, because of the way he slumps. Dean represents the Montgomery Clift type; a woman wants to take care of Jimmy because he looks as if he needs help and kindness. Brando has authority. He commands the situation and the scene.

These are some of the vital differences between Dean and Brando, according to the young performers who know actors best. However, it's a matter of record that Jimmy appeared in two plays on Broadway: "See the Jaguar" and "The Immoralist." The last named won Jimmy the Donaldson and Perry acting awards. None of the alert New York drama reviews made a single reference to the fact that James Dean reminded them of Marlon Brando. Therefore, between these plays and "East of Eden," a change took place.

Dean doesn't like being compared to Brando, so those close to him confide. However, Jimmy's public comment is: "I am not disturbed by the comparison nor am I flattered."

Brando's only comment, as far as I know, was made at a party attended by both. Marlon said to Jimmy: "Don't you think you're going a little too far to attract attention?"

For his own crowd, Jimmy will give his impersonation of Brando imitating Charlie Chaplin; then he'll do Chaplin impersonating Marlon. Jimmy is a fine mimic. He is a very talented young man. He is an excellent cartoonist. He can play the bongo drums "like the living end." He is okay on the piano and on a flute-like instrument called the recorder. Jimmy is hip when it comes to true jazz. He knows the names of "obscure cats who are artists on their particular instrument." Jimmy is responsible for Leonard Rosenman writing the musical score for "East of Eden." He appreciates fine music and is sent by pure jazz.

When Jimmy first came here, he had a house at the beach. He didn't have a phone. No one, girl or studio, could get in touch with him unless they made the trip to the beach. Later he moved into town and rented a small apartment over a garage (about a reel and a half from Googie's and Schwab's).

Jimmy is disorderly. To step into his apartment is like arriving at the scene of a hurricane. Belongings are strewn everywhere. He's frank about himself. "I'm intense. I'm so tense," he says, "I don't see how people stay in the same room with me. I wouldn't tolerate myself."

A few of his group not only tolerate but follow him. Dennis Stock, a photographer, not only believes in him but also believes they understand each other. Jack Simmons, a trying-to-make-it actor, has a prominent role in "Rebel Without a Cause," and is a good actor. Jack is always around the house and set. He gets Jimmy coffee or a sandwich or whatever Jimmy wants. Jack also runs interference for Dean when there are people Jimmy doesn't want to see. There are many people trying to contact a nobody who has just become a star.

Dean has a loyalty to old friends, but he also enjoys the attention or service they give him.

Recently Dean rented a house almost atop Laurel Canyon. Dean read the ad, rode his motorcycle as far up the dirt and stone road as he could, got out and spoke to the owner of the house.

"I want this place so I can play my drums late at night without complaints from the neighbors. How about it, man?"

"The only complaints you might get," said dance director Dave Gould, "is from the coyotes."

Dean was silent. Then he asked: "Could I see the inside of the house?"

Gould took Jimmy on tour. When they reached the bedroom, featuring a king-size bed, Gould said: "That's the bed Lana Turner slept in when she rented this place."

Jimmy jumped onto the bed. Then while rolling around in it, he said: "I'll take it. I'll take it."

Later, when the story of his moving plan became known, tourists began visiting the site. Jimmy promptly announced he'd look for another place to live.

This is James Dean up to and including the release of "East of Eden." It's going to be interesting keeping tabs on Jimmy Dean, watching how he responds to stardom and Hollywood. As one of the young actors trying to make it said: "It isn't too hard to become a movie star. Jimmy Dean knows it. The hard part is growing up. And don't think that cat Jimmy Dean doesn't know it."

THE END

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Hudson's Hideaway

(*Continued from page 44*)

house means being able to turn on the record player full blast or let the water run for a bath at three in the morning."

He paused, pulling at one ear lobe reflectively, "Now don't read anything deep and psychological in my wanting to do this. It's nothing like that. Just a simple matter of letting off steam. You know how a colt kicks up its heels when it's let out of the barn. Well, that's me. Just kicking up my heels in this wonderful new freedom of my own home."

Rock's house stands on a hillside, at the end of a little canyon, high above the Sunset Strip. Behind it, the steep hill is a lush tangle of vines and ivy. At the sides and across the front, tall evergreen trees provide quiet and privacy, two things Rock had been looking for.

"I wanted to be within fairly short driving distance of the studio," he says, "and at the same time I was looking for a sort of peaceful rural atmosphere. This combination wasn't too easy to find."

Rock had started looking for it nearly four years ago. He searched through the ads in newspapers. On Sundays, or when he had a day off from the studio, he hopped in his car and drove for miles on a constant house hunt. He talked to a number of real-estate dealers.

"Just what do you have in mind?" the realtors asked him.

Rock scratched the back of his neck. "Well, something not too big and not too small."

"But what style? Modern? Colonial? Early American?"

Rock spread his hands. "It doesn't matter about that. I want a friendly, comfortable house—a house to live in and be happy."

The realtors looked a trifle exasperated. "You don't give us much to go on," they complained.

"I guess not," Rock agreed cheerfully. "But one thing I'm sure of."

"What's that?"

"I'll know it when I see it."

The search went on, month after month, at every available opportunity. And then one day, just when he was at the point of being discouraged, Rock drove up the side of the hill and looked in through the spiky-needled trees and there it was.

The driveway was steeply curved. The house clung serenely to the hillside, looking weathered and mellowed as though it had always been there. The realtor said, "It was designed and built that way. Actually it is only four years old."

The roof was built of split redwood shakes, and the house was long and low. It was flanked with a barn-type double garage at one end and a secluded tree-sheltered patio at the other. Paths made of bricks and cushioned with pine needles led all around from front to back.

When Rock opened the front door and walked into the living room, he experienced a curious feeling of coming home. He felt like a kid who has run away and been cold and tired and hungry and then has come home again.

The room was just the right size, small enough to be cozy but spacious enough to entertain his circle of friends. It had a hand-rubbed beamed ceiling and a fireplace and a windowed dining alcove. The floor was made of pegged and polished wood cut into random widths and lengths. Rock knelt down and ran his fingers over the boards.

"This wood looks hard enough and solid enough to be teak," he said.

The owner beamed proudly. "Why that's exactly what it is," he declared. "And it's plenty hard all right. I know because

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Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

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I tried one evening to saw a piece of it."

In the kitchen there were rubbed fruitwood cabinets and a complete barbecue with an electric revolving spit. There was a breakfast nook and a walk-in bar with clever push-out shutters that opened into the living room. The bathroom had a glassed-in shower and a marble-top wash basin. There were two bedrooms, and one of them had a Dutch door leading onto the patio which was paved with redwood rounds.

When Rock saw all this, he knew he wanted it. But having known poverty, he was aware of the value of a dollar. Aware, too, that sometimes prices are jacked up plenty for movie stars. So he said to the real-estate agent, "Let's see if we can make a dicker."

Rock made a low offer and the owner came down some. Then Rock went up a little and the owner came down a little. After a couple of weeks they agreed on a figure that seemed fair and equitable to both; they signed the papers and they shook hands on the deal. Only then did it occur to Rock. He had a house but didn't own a stick of furniture—not a chair or a table or even a bed to sleep in. Nothing but a record player and some books and clothes and a few stacks of records.

The former owner sympathized with him. Taking Rock out to the garage, he pointed to a set of redwood patio furniture. "Maybe this will do for a while."

Rock dug out his checkbook again and bought the garden furniture on the spot. There was a dining table with benches, a double chaise lounge and a couple of other pieces. These solved part of his problem. Then he went out to buy a bed. He told the clerk he wanted a great big one.

The clerk eyed Rock's two-hundred-pound bulk and his towering six feet four inches. The clerk said, "Man, you need a great big one."

Rock stretched out on several display beds, just trying them on for size. Each time he shook his head. Too snug. The clerk brooded a while and shrugged his shoulders. Then he said brightly, "Guess the only thing to do is build one special." So Rock settled for a hand-built job that measures eight feet long and six feet wide.

When the bed was delivered, the men had trouble getting it through the doors. But after it was finally set up and Rock had a chance to try it, he was pleased with it. "It sleeps real good," he says. "Gives me plenty of room to flail around if I want to."

He thought he was temporarily set, but Truitt told him different. Truitt "does" for Rock, and has for a couple of years. She comes two or three times a week to clean and scrub, cook if necessary, and wash his shirts. Truitt took one look at the new house and raptured quite a spell. "Mister Rock, it's beautiful!" Truitt said. "We goin' to be awful happy here for sure."

But when she walked out to the kitchen Truitt had a shock. There were big empty spaces where the stove and refrigerator ought to be. "Mister Rock!" she fussed at him. "What have you been havin' for breakfast?"

"Why coffee, of course," Rock told her. "I make it right here in this electric percolator."

"Pshaw!" Truitt said. "You ought to have eggs and bacon and hot bread, somethin' solid to put in your stomach. Now you go out and get yourself a stove and a refrigerator right away. You hear me?"

It was a sound suggestion. Every home ought to have a stove and a refrigerator, Rock decided. But he was busy from morning till night in "All That Heaven Allows," in which he was co-starring again with Jane Wyman. Besides, he had never bought a stove or refrigerator before. Where do you start?

"No problem at all," Jane told him on the set. "Just put your inexperienced hand in mine the next time we have a couple of hours off and I'll show you how it's done."

Two days later Jane and Rock piled into his convertible and drove to an appliance store on San Fernando Boulevard. Rock parked about halfway down the block. Walking back, they passed a record shop and Rock grabbed Jane's arm and steered her inside.

"Hey!" Jane yelped. "We want to buy a stove. Not rec—"

"Won't take a minute," Rock said. "I want to show you this dance called the Baiaio. It's the big thing in Europe this year. Especially in Italy."

Rock asked the clerk for the record Baiaio. The clerk dug one out and put it on the turntable. Rock showed Jane the step and then held out his arms.

"For heaven's sakes," Jane said. "Not right here."

"Relax," Rock said, and put his arm around her. "Now listen to that rhythm. It's sort of a slow mambo."

Jane grinned an Oh, well. The music had a strong beat, and they danced the Baiaio up the small aisle.

When the record ended, Rock paid for it and presented it to Jane. Then he led her out into the sunshine again.

"Well, now," Jane said, "I guess we better buy that stove—"

"Wait a minute!" Rock interrupted, pointing. "Look at this *wonderful* antique store!"

"Oh, no!"

"Some friends of mine," Rock said, "have their whole house furnished with Early American antiques. It's very effective." He took Jane firmly by the arm, lifting her a couple of inches off the sidewalk. "Let's go in, just to look around."

Jane said, "But—" and futilely tried to drag her feet, but Rock didn't seem to notice. They browsed among the cobblers' benches, pine rockers and other ante-bellum items. After a while Jane nudged Rock with her elbow.

"Have you forgotten that we are supposed to be shooting a picture over at Uni-

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versal-International today? This afternoon."

"True, true," Rock said, sighing deeply. "Well, lackaday. Back we go to the old treadmill."

Outside, Rock turned toward the car, but Jane dragged on his arm and skidded to a stop.

"Now hold on," she protested. "We started out to buy a stove and a refrigerator. Remember?" Jane led him into the appliance store. She gave the clerk exact instructions about a stove with a top griddle, adjustable broiler, warming oven and a deep well cooker. The clerk showed them a dandy finished in metallic copper.

Rock said, "That's fine. We'll take it."

Jane instructed the clerk about the refrigerator. She specified freezing unit, automatic defroster, meat compartment, vegetable crisper and feather-touch ice cube trays. And the whole thing had to fit into a space 31 inches by 65 inches.

The clerk demonstrated a shiny copper fourteen-foot giant.

Rock said, "That's fine. We'll take it."

While the clerk wrote out the order, Rock's eye was caught by a white gadget with a glass front. The clerk said it was not a new-type television set but an automatic washer with unique pulsator action that releases all the cleansing power in your soap or detergent.

"Well, how about that!" Rock said admiringly. "Now *what'll* they think of next!"

Jane kicked him on the ankle.

Rock said, "Fine. We'll take one of these, too. Truitt'll be crazy about the unique pulsator action."

Back at the studio Rock said, "Gee, Janie, thanks a lot for going with me. I never knew shopping could be so much fun. You were a big help."

Janie gave him an oblique look. "Think nothing of it," she said. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

When the new stove was delivered, Rock couldn't wait before he cooked something on it. He thought something exotic and complicated would be just the thing. Something like Beef à la Stroganoff or maybe a good rich stew so he could use the deep well cooker. But he finally settled on a seven-rib beef roast. Then he telephoned Phyllis Gates.

Phyllis and Rock share a lot of dates these days. Some of the town gossips have this pegged as a hot romance item. One close friend says, "They're a cute couple and they certainly enjoy each other's company. You just can't tell what will happen." Phyllis and Rock are completely mum on the subject. They don't act like they're ready to make any announcements . . . yet. But they are fairly steady company, and they do have a lot of fun together.

"I'm giving a party," Rock said, "and you're invited. Also George Nader and Martha Hyer."

"Wonderful," Phyllis said, "I'll do the shopping."

When George and Martha walked in the front door, Martha threw a penny into a corner. "It's an old Swedish custom," Martha said. "It's supposed to bring good luck and wealth and happiness."

The roast was a large success, crispy brown on the outide and pink in the center. And Rock served a bottle of Beaujolais, which is his favorite of all the wines he sampled while in Europe last year.

"A toast. A toast," George said. And they raised their glasses and drank to all the good things friends drink to. Later they sprawled on their stomachs and looked at the plans for the new pool.

"I really wanted a pool," Rock said, "because swimming is about my favorite form of fun and exercise. At first I wasn't sure that I could afford to have one put in. Then after I got several bids I decided the budget would be able to take it."

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He spread the plans out in the center of the floor. "This is where they'll excavate," he said, "right here at the top of the driveway. It was too steep anyway. Sort of a hazard when it rained. We'll make the garage over into a playroom, with an adjoining shower and dressing rooms. And the pool will be right there in front of it. Then we'll build a new garage down at the bottom of the hill close to the street."

Some of Rock's friends suggested that he have an interior decorator furnish and decorate his house, but Rock turned thumbs down on that.

"I don't want that at all," he says. "Some decorators do a wonderful job, but they're a little too perfect for me. When they've finished with a house it's fine to look at, but not always so much fun to live in.

"No, I want to do it my own way, even if I make some mistakes. I'll do it gradually, just buy a piece at a time. Maybe all of it won't match perfectly, but it'll be my own. And I know it'll be comfortable and livable."

Rock brought back some beautiful things from Europe. He bought a fine pair of antique porcelain whiskey barrels in London. He will have these wired and made into lamps. In Florence he picked up some antique leather cigarette boxes and several of the ancient maps of Italy he purchased there he will frame. He also ran across some excellent water colors and pen sketches in Venice. In an old hideaway shop he found two equestrian pieces of bronze on marble. And if these are an indication of the way he will decorate his house, you can rest assure that it will be done in excellent taste.

Inevitably, an inquiring reporter asked him the sixty-four-dollar question. "Now that you have a house, how about a wife to share it with you? Are you planning to get married and settle down?"

"No," he said, "I don't think I'm quite ready for marriage just yet. I'm still pretty footloose. I like to do what I want to do when I want to do it. As long as I feel that way, I don't think it would be fair or sensible to consider marriage.

"My European trips have been a revelation to me. I know I have learned a lot over there. And I grew up some, too. I traveled all the way from Ireland and England down through France and Italy. I visited all the famous historic spots. I even went swimming in the Blue Grotto in Capri. But most of all I enjoyed meeting and talking to the people of Europe.

"Their way of life is so different over there. There's less talk about business and making money. The Europeans are more relaxed. They are happy and content with much less. They enjoy the little things in life. They have a sort of candlelight-and-wine attitude that is very pleasant. I was terribly impressed with this. I'd like to go back there for a while at least.

"This summer I'm making 'Giant,' with George Stevens directing, and I'm very excited about it. But after that, I'd like to take a long cruise on a slow freighter. Maybe to South America, and maybe back to Europe again. At any rate, I want to keep moving around, seeing new places and learning new things.

"Of course, like everyone else, I'm looking for happiness. And I know one way to achieve this is to love and be loved. That's why I'm looking forward to the day I will get married and begin raising a family.

"But right now . . . well, my feet are pretty itchy. There's a great big world out there, and I'm mighty curious about it. That's one reason I'm so happy about this new house. It's like putting down some roots. No matter where I travel, this will be a great house to come home to."

THE END

Brooklyn's Child Is Full of Faith

(*Continued from page 59*)

There were other times when faith pulled her out of despair. Like the time she was on tour, appearing at a small theatre in Canada. She had a personal problem that seemed to engulf her. When she arrived at the theatre, she went to her dressing room, sat down and tried to think. It was useless. Her problem was too secret, too grave to share with anyone. Where was her faith, the courage she'd always had with which to face life with a smile, if not with a laugh? For a moment the red-haired girl almost hated herself for her black and desperate mood. There were other performers around, but she felt too dispirited even to talk with them. Disconsolately, she walked out onto the still-darkened stage. On the apron of the curtained stage only a single work light burned, throwing strange shadows into the wings. Three or four kneeling stagehands were working on a piece of scenery, oblivious of the unhappy girl nearby.

Suddenly, as the actress walked across the stage, one of the stagehands stood up. "Hey, Jim," he called to an unseen fellow worker, "is Walter Marrener around? Send him over, will you?"

The actress stopped, startled. Had she heard the man right, heard him actually say "Walter Marrener?" Unbelieving, the actress went over to the stagehand who had spoken. "Tell me," she said slowly, "is there really someone here named Marrener?"

"Why, yes, miss," said the man. He turned, pointing. "Here he comes now. Do you know him?"

"Walter Marrener was my father's name," said the girl. "He died four years ago."

Trembling, the actress stared at the stagehand who had just arrived. He was tall, rugged, friendly featured, but no one she had ever seen before. "My father was Walter Marrener," the girl explained again. "He was French-Huguenot, a subway trainman in Brooklyn. My name is Edythe Marrener—my real name, that is. They call me Susan Hayward."

"It's a small world," smiled the stagehand, "and who's to say your father and I were not related? I'm French-Huguenot, too, and it's not too common a name, Marrener, so maybe we had a mutual relative, way back in the past. I'd be happy to think so."

"God bless you," said the girl who had been Edythe Marrener. Her eyes were shining now and, suddenly, for the first time in many days, she felt lighthearted, gay and carefree again. "God bless you, Walter Marrener, for what this has done for me."

Remembering that day, Susan Hayward sat before the fireplace in her gray-and-yellow living room, looked up and smiled. "It was," said Susan, "one of the unforgettable moments in my life. What had disturbed me was something I can't reveal, not even now. I've never even talked about this before. But I know that I was miserable; I seemed lost and forsaken. And then all at once, hearing my father's name called out on that strange and darkened stage, I felt that I had been given a sign, a touch of a guardian hand on my shoulder. 'Someone,' I whispered to myself, 'is caring for you.'"

Faith, with Susan, is a "passionate intuition." Several years ago, when Susan was in Georgia making "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," she was in her room one evening, resting after the day's shooting, when she picked up the Gideon Bible on her table, leafed through it and im-

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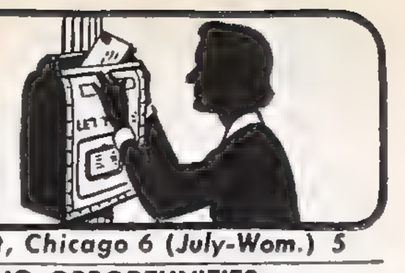

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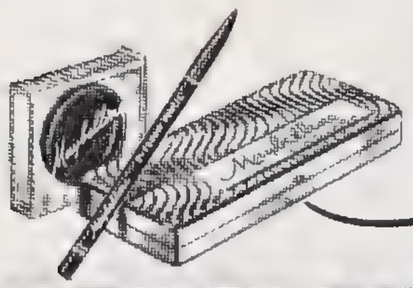

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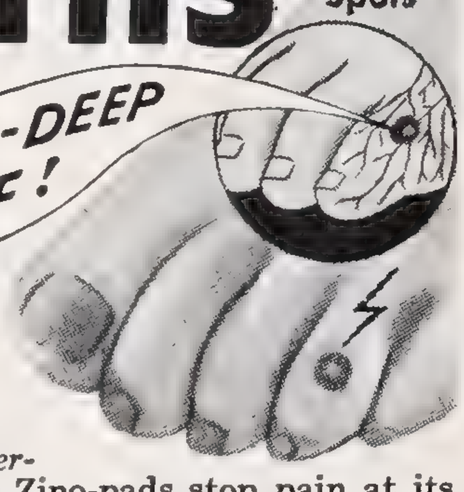

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pulsively decided to read a speech from the second book of Samuel, the one about David and Bathsheba. Susan's studio was already beginning to plan the filming of that story, but no one as yet had been announced for the leading roles. As Susan read on, she was possessed by an overpowering presentment that it would be she who would play Bathsheba.

"I had the strangest feeling that I would be the one," said Susan. "Perhaps it was because I so much wanted to do it. Then, a few days later—this was while we were still working on 'I'd Climb the Highest Mountain'—I had a very early call for an upcoming scene. An assistant director came over to my cottage to wake me. He knocked on the door, made sure I was up, then said:

" 'Susan, I've got some news for you. The word just came through from Darryl Zanuck that you're going to do *Bathsheba.*'

"The assistant director," Susan went on, "thought he was softening the blow of having to wake me so early by bringing me the good news. But for me, that message was something more—it was proof again of the magic of believing."

Faith has always been a part of Susan's home life, even as a child. Always, from her father and mother, she learned the lesson that as a man thinketh, so shall he be. "My father," said Susan, "taught me from childhood to fight for whatever I believed in. He was always saying, 'You must be like a rubber ball. The harder they hit you, the higher you'll bounce. That is, if you're a good ball to start with. And if you're not, you might as well give up anyway.'

"And mother—it was she who believed I could do anything I set my mind to. It was she, too, who always fought our inclination as youngsters to say, 'I can't do this, or I can't do that,' by telling us not to say we can't do a thing, because of course we could do anything anyone else could.

"My grandmother," laughed Susan, "came from County Cork, and she once told me she had actually dreamed about the man she was going to marry. She just knew it was he. Well, she met him and married him—that's how much faith *she* had. I remember, too, the stories my mother used to tell me about my brother Wally's illness. As an infant he had a serious abdominal condition—an obstruction that made it all but impossible for him to retain food. My mother took care of him herself, virtually breathed life into him again. At two he weighed only seven pounds. The illness had left his legs weak and he had to wear braces. One day it was time to get new braces, so she took Wally in her arms and got on a streetcar to go downtown. On the streetcar Mother noticed a woman in the seat opposite glancing over sympathetically. 'You look troubled,' said the woman to my mother. 'I am indeed,' said my mother, and poured out her heart about Wally's illness.

"Then the stranger said, 'Take off the braces; he will be all right.' And you know something? He was. My mother knew then that Wally would live and be strong and well again. Do you see now why we have always felt that for us the omens were right?"

There was the time, too, when the six-year-old Susan was run over by a car and suffered such severe injuries that she spent the next seven months in a waist-high cast, and a year and a half after that on crutches. "I remember," said Susan, "that the doctors said I'd never walk again. But I walked. And later, some of my drama school teachers said I'd never be an actress. But I kept heart and didn't believe them. The thought of failure never entered my mind."

Most of her life, Susan has based her de-

cisions on her emotions and intuitions, rather than on pure reason. She thinks of the time, fairly early in her career, when she was under contract to Paramount and drawing a pretty good salary but given only the kind of roles that, as Susan put it, "even Lassie would have sneered at. The studio wouldn't use me in anything, yet each option time they renewed my contract.

"But there came a day then when I'd had enough. At the next option time I told the studio I wouldn't re-sign. They offered me more and more money and still I turned it down. What's more, I had absolutely no other job in view."

Was she afraid then, worried about the future? "I held no thought of failure," says Susan. "Maybe it was pure Irish faith, but I knew something would happen. All the omens were right."

All that Susan has learned she has tried to instill in the hearts of her twin boys, Timmy and Greg, now ten years old. When the boys ask her, "What will we be when we grow up?" Susan is quick to tell them they can be anything they like, so long as they are healthy and happy and honest. She hopes her sons will believe, as she does, that God put them into the world for a purpose, to believe in the human race and in trying to be worthy members thereof.

"Already," says Susan, "Timmy and Greg have great faith. Their souls are receptive; they know that God will take care of them, just as I knew when I was hurt as a child. I'll never forget the day, several years ago, when Timmy read something or heard something about killing Stalin, simply because he was such a dictator. Deeply affected, he came to me and

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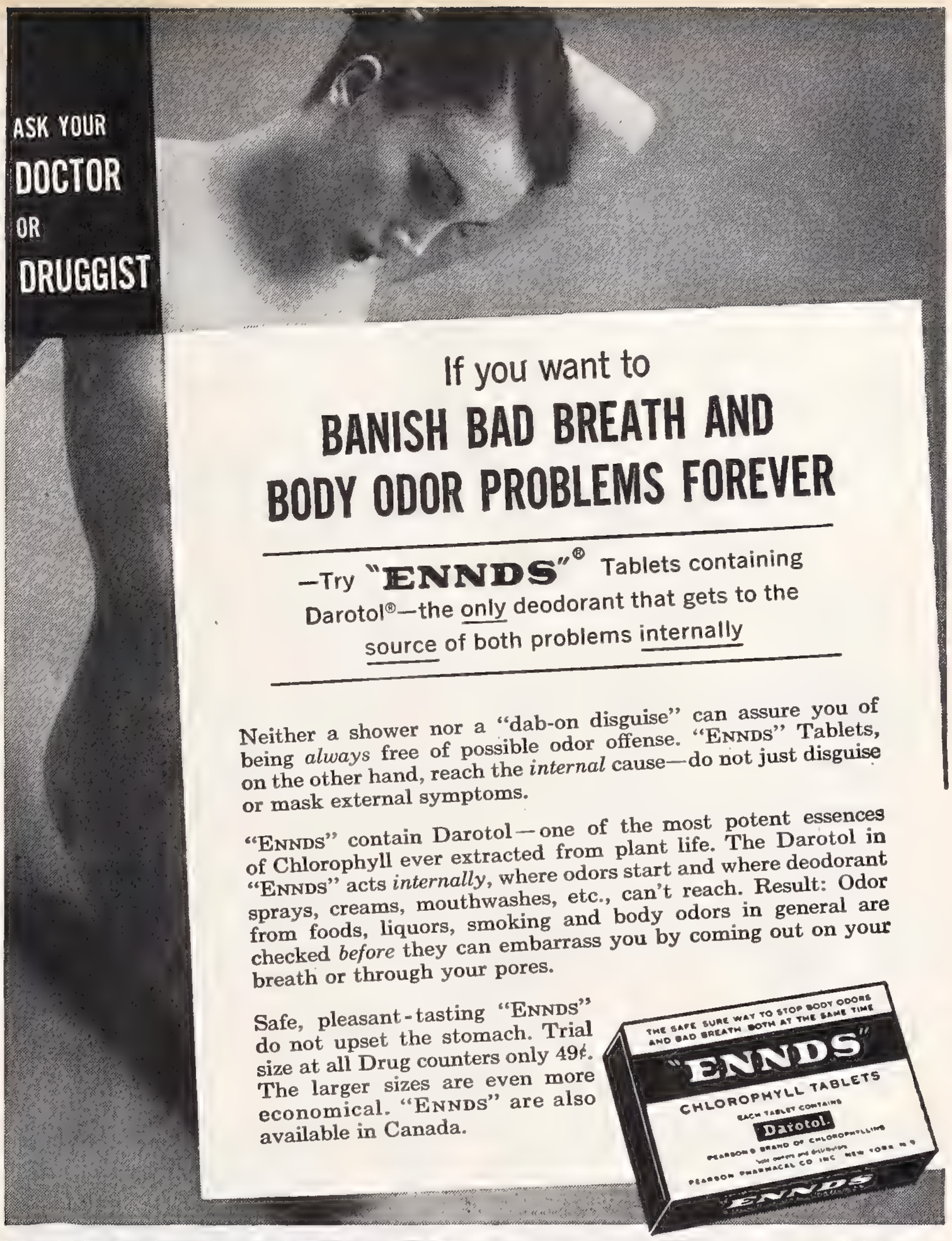

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asked me what I thought. 'Killing anybody would be murder,' I explained, 'no matter how bad a man might be.' And then I tried to tell him something about why men make war, how differences in ambitions and desires and languages can cause so much hatred.

"Timmy just looked at me, trying to understand. Then he said, 'But Mother, don't they all speak the same language in their hearts?' "

There have been times, as Susan confesses, when her own faith faltered—when, as she says, "I got off the beam. I've made mistakes, felt discouragement as everyone has. Sometimes I ignored that angel on my shoulder, gave way to doubts or petty selfishness, did things to hurt, as all of us do. Then I was really in trouble—until I was shown the right path again."

As Susan has learned, every doubt mars faith's perfection, and our fear thoughts are just as creative or just as magnetic in attracting troubles to us as are the constructive and positive thoughts in attracting positive results. She remembers what happened in Georgia once, when she was on location, and how it took the faith of friends to restore her own faith in herself.

"We were working deep in the heart of the backwoods country," Susan recalls, "among the friendliest, kindest people I'd ever met. They were like kin to me, because some of my own family had come from that part of the South. The townspeople, most of whom were appearing in the picture, had gone out of their way to be nice to me. I counted many of them among my warmest friends.

"Then, just when I felt the happiest, some New York newspaper ran a story saying I had criticized the town folk. I was horrified; I hadn't even talked to the person who by-lined the story, and I couldn't believe that any paper would say such things when they were so untrue. When I discovered that the local Georgia paper had picked up the story, I really exploded. I rushed, screaming, to the director. I even phoned the studio in Hollywood. Then I went back to the location spot, feeling as though I wanted to sink into the earth. I was sure nothing I could say or do would repair the horrible damage or regain the affections of the people I admired and liked.

"That was when I learned that my friends, the townspeople, had shown more faith in me than I myself had had. They had seen the story, yes, and they'd been hurt and unhappy—but only for me. They were even afraid to show me the newspaper for fear they'd make me miserable. When they discovered that I'd actually seen the paper, they came to me, some even with tears in their eyes. 'We know it isn't true, Susan,' they said. 'We know you well enough to realize you wouldn't ever say such things.'

"I felt ashamed to think I had shown so little faith in the good will of my friends, and I thought to myself of a line I'd read somewhere: 'How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!' Well, I learned how wrong I'd been, and then we all got together and cried, and wiped our eyes and smiled again, grateful that nothing had really changed between us."

The thing that happened to Susan's nine-year marriage, the collapse of what was seemingly an idyllic union, was not a lack of faith. Not, at least, on Susan's part. Those who know the real truth are aware that it was largely Susan's faith—the complete and utter belief that the marriage *would* work—which kept it together as long as it did. When the marriage finally failed, Susan could only take refuge in her own philosophy: that what is supposed to happen, happens—and hope even more strongly for a brighter future.

Because she is also realistic and, above all, frank, Susan is not a girl to depend upon faith alone. As she herself says, hazel eyes sparkling, "Hayward will get into the act somehow, no matter what."

She does not rely merely on indulging in a period of watchful waiting; she believes in a muscular faith, in going to work, always keeping the goal in mind. For instance, in driving to the studio for the first day of a new picture, Susan has a little ritual she likes to follow. If she turns on the car radio and gets a happy song or cheerful music, she knows then that the day will be a good one. But Susan, being Susan, is also not averse to helping fate along a little.

"If I don't get the right tune right away," she chuckles, "I sort of keep turning that little knob until I do. Sometimes, you know, you have to make your own luck."

It's like something Susan read about the Chinese, in a book called *A Many-Splendoured Thing*, by Han Suyin. "When a cloud threatens the moon on the first day of the New Year," said Susan, "all the fishermen shout, beat cymbals and cry out. That's because the fishermen know they must make a great noise to frighten the cloud away or the year will be unfavorable. When the narrator, who is a Eurasian girl, explains this curious custom to a friend, he laughs in disdain. 'You don't really believe that, do you?' he asks.

" 'Of course,' says the girl. 'If we didn't believe the unbelievable, what would happen to faith?' "

As for Susan, Brooklyn's child is full of faith.

THE END

The Power and the Glory

(*Continued from page* 35)

Captain Bob Buck of TWA, a great buddy ever since they flew to South Africa together in '47; Evie Johnson, whom he first met when they were both in Katharine Cornell's company of "Romeo and Juliet"; Walter and Fieldsie Lang—Fieldsie, who dates back to the days when she was Carole Lombard's Girl Friday, and Walter from his earliest days at 20th; Lou Schreiber, now executive assistant to Darryl Zanuck, but who was casting director at the studio when Ty checked in, back in '36 ("I don't see him often, but I know he'll always be there if I ever need him," explained Ty); Raymond Massey, who only came into his life recently when they both played together for over a year in "John Brown's Body," but he feels as close to Ray and his wife, Dorothy, as if he had known them forever; and finally, the authoress of this story. Needless to say, his inclusion of me in this precious circle touched me deeply. And yet, as well as I, and all these other intimate friends know Ty, there are certain areas of his life he shares with *no one*.

"My personal problems are my own," he once told me. "I can't even discuss them with my mother or sister, Ann, much as I adore them both. I just keep things bottled up within myself." I sensed he was thinking of his marital unhappiness with Linda Christian. He has never said a word since their separation. As if reading my thoughts, Ty confessed, "I wish I weren't such an introvert. It's a sure way of winding up with ulcers, but, thank Heavens, so far I've been lucky. All I've caught is jaundice!"

It was during this recent jaundice attack, for which rest is necessary to the cure, that Ty, forced to spend every afternoon in bed before his stage performance of "The Dark Is Light Enough," could lie back and reflect on the past and contemplate his future.

"The greatest force in the world is thought," Ty said as he leaned over to light my cigarette. "I used to think that if I wanted anything badly enough, I could get it. Now I know that I'll only get it if it's right for me! I don't waste time in regret—only people with nothing else to do can afford that indulgence. When I look back, it's with pleasure at all the *good* things that have happened to me. I've never had the leisure for hobbies, so I collect memories, and certain ones and certain people stand out vividly.

"I remember when I was a kid and the other kids in my class would ask me, "Where did you get that funny name, Tyrone?" (Now there are Tyrones all over the world—even in Hong Kong. Just the other day I received a fan letter that devastated me. It was signed Tyrone Woo!) I remember how I worshipped my father because he was a great actor just as his father had been before him, and how confident I was that I would be the third generation to carry on this glorious theatrical heritage! I remember when I was sixteen years old and got a job as chauffeur to the late humorist writer, Arthur Caesar. He had a summer home in Laguna and he and his wife would often invite me to stay with them. I would lie on the beach, discussing my brilliant future with another sixteen-year-old, named Curtis Kenyon. His uncle Charles had written a famous play called 'Kindling,' and he aspired to be a writer, too. He solemnly promised he would write a great part for me. Instead, he got himself a job as a steward on an ocean liner, going around the world, and I never heard directly from him again. But seven years later, when I picked up the script of 'Loyds of London,' my first starring role, I almost keeled over when I read, 'Original Story by Curtis Kenyon!' To the best of my knowledge, he has never written anything since, nor have our paths ever crossed again.

"I remember standing at the window of the small house I shared with my mother, high in the Hollywood hills, watching the floodlights playing over the Carthay Circle, for the gala premiere of 'Lloyds of London'—with me, such an unknown that I went completely unnoticed as I drove to the theatre in the car that the studio loaned me, in the Tux that they had rented for me. I remember the next morning, when the greatest thing that can happen overnight is *recognition*—and the dizzying rewards of success, followed by the fear of *every actor*, 'All is ephemeral, fame and the famous as well.' Now that I've arrived, can I *stay*?

I remember so many names on the lot that have come and gone since those early days: Shirley Temple, James Dunn, Janet Gaynor, Ray Griffith, Freddie Bartholomew, Rochelle Hudson, Buddy de Sylva, E. H. Griffith, Alice Faye, Edmund Lowe, Charlie Farrell and Sidney Kent (who was like a father to me). I remember my first studio party at the Biltmore Hotel, when I was asked to escort Rochelle Hudson, whom I had never met. I told Bill Gallagher to buy me a corsage of gardenias for her, which I duly presented on my arrival. She left the room to get her coat, but when

she came back, the gardenias were conspicuous by their absence. Later, as I got into the car (again rented by the studio), I noticed a corsage peeping out of her dress, but it wasn't mine. Guess she has a steady boy friend, I concluded. Ah well, there's three dollars down the drain! Then, suddenly, I *thought* I heard Miss Hudson say, 'Mr. Power, how sweet of you to send me these three beautiful orchids!' I looked and my worse suspicions were confirmed. Bill Gallagher had been very generous with *my* money!

"I remember, after my marriage to Annabella and we were leasing the small house in Bel-Air where I'd been living with my mother. A young attractive couple with two adorable little boys wanted to rent it. We commented on how divinely happy they seemed, and it wasn't until months later that we discovered they were Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker! I remember when I was an usher in a movie theatre in my home town, Cincinnati, and traipsing up and down the aisles, I must have seen a picture with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall (the Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis of their day) at least twenty-eight times. Years later, when I was a star at Twentieth, I made a picture in which I was supposed to be injured and carried off on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance. Before the first take, I did a double take—one of the stretcher-bearers was Jack Mulhall!

"I remember when I was in the Pacific during the war, getting letters from my mother in which she told me that whenever she saw a soldier thumbing a ride she would always give him a lift, but *only* if he were in the Marine Corps. Then she could casually announce, 'My son is in the Marines, too,' so that when their polite reaction was 'Oh, yes?', she could then lower the boom and say, 'Do you by any chance know Tyrone Power?' I remember when my second daughter, Taryn, was born, well-meaning friends asking me, 'Didn't you want a son?' and my retort, 'Why do you think I have *two* daughters! I'd never swap them.'

"I remember 'Nightmare Alley' as my favorite of the some fifty pictures I have made (before 'The Long Gray Line')—even though it wasn't a money-maker—and I remember two major disappointments when Twentieth wouldn't loan me out for 'Golden Boy' and 'King's Row.' I remember a film called 'Show Them No Mercy,' with Bruce Cabot, that made a great impression on me. I was on tour with 'Romeo and Juliet,' and when I saw it, I remember saying to myself, "If I ever go to Hollywood, I want to work at the studio that made this picture. That studio, need I add, was Twentieth!

"I remember my wife, agent, business manager and all my friends who had my 'best interests at heart,' trying to dissuade me from leaving Hollywood for a year to return to the stage in 'John Brown's Body.' I remember the decision to go anyway as a step forward towards the goal I hoped to achieve, to expand myself as an actor by alternating between the stage and screen in roles that took me out of the rut of type casting and challenged my versatility. I, who have traveled all over the world, remember the thrill of touring inside U.S.A., of playing in small communities like Ironwood, Michigan, and Ruston, Louisiana, where the audience reaction was on the same high intellectual level as in any metropolitan center. I remember the joy of another dream realized when I finally had the privilege of working with John Ford in 'The Long Gray Line.' And my delight when Marty Maher, whose real life role at West Point I re-created on the screen, told Mr. Ford, 'I've seen the picture three times, and Tyrone Power gets better in it with every performance!'

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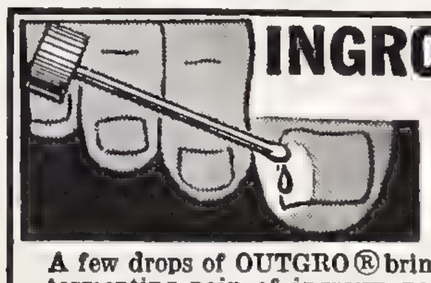
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"I remember meeting up with a smart fellow named Ted Richmond who produced one of my biggest money-makers, in 'Mississippi Gambler,' and we decided to form our own independent company. We called it Copa Productions and started off with Van Heflin in 'Count Three and Pray,' and bought three properties as future vehicles for me—'Lorenzo the Magnificent,' to be made in Italy—'The Stalk,' in South America—and 'The Warrior Saint,' in Africa. Join the movies and see the world has always been my motto!

"I remember a wire that arrived at my Brentwood home a few months ago and opening it as casually as an invitation to a Cobina Wright party—until I saw the signatures: Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic! These names have always been the epitome of everything that is fine and distinguished in the theatre, and they have a very sentimental memory for me, too. It was under their prestige management that twenty years ago, I started my stage career as Burgess Meredith's understudy in 'Flowers of the Forest.' My salary was thirty dollars a week. (The other day, Bill Gallagher sent me a photostat copy of this understudy contract, and my pay envelope in which I had still kept my first dollar all these years. With it, he attached the following cryptic note, 'Since this is obviously the *first* and *last* dollar you have ever saved, will you please return it to me for safeguarding!') Now Miss Cornell wanted me to be her co-star in Christopher Fry's winter comedy, 'The Dark Is Light Enough,' directed by Guthrie McClintic—at a 'slight' increase in salary!

"If you saw this in a movie, you'd say it was too contrived to be convincing, wouldn't you? But, since truth is stranger than fiction, I found myself back on Broadway, sharing co-starring billing with one of the First Ladies of the American stage, while a block away, at the New York Capitol, 'The Long Gray Line' was the feature attraction, and a block farther south, on the Roxy marquee, 'Untamed,' which is the picture that wound up my nineteen-year stay at 20th!

"So, now you see, Radie darling, why I can look back at the past with pleasure; but if you were to ask me to name the high spot of all these memories, my answer would be 'Today!' Because today I have achieved what I hoped to attain after being tied down to one studio for so long. At long last, I have the freedom to pursue my career—to travel and move about as I want.

"And he who travels fastest, travels *alone*," I added pointedly. "Does this mean that you are going to continue to enjoy your bachelor freedom for a while?"

"Definitely," was his quick retort. "Remember, I was married to Annabella for nine years, then I had what is laughingly referred to as a 'private life' in the Navy for four years, and then I was married to Linda for six. So, actually, I've never really been *single!* Besides, its slightly premature to discuss any matrimonial future when I'm only legally separated and not as yet divorced."

When his final decree comes through (and Linda's settlement doesn't include his front teeth and that dollar he saved in his pay envelope!), I'm willing to wager my new spring bonnet that, if he marries again, his third bride won't be an *actress*. He wants his next helpmate to be just that, someone interested in *his* career, not trying to compete with him, someone who won't be afraid of giving up something of herself in loving him, someone who isn't a party girl, but who knows that two people really in love can find contentment in themselves, someone to satisfy his greatest desire to have a Tyrone IV to carry on his theatrical heritage.

In the meantime, I can make a prophecy I *know* will come true. Ty, who will win his first Academy Award nomination for his many-faceted characterization of Marty Maher in "The Long Gray Line," has his most brilliant acting years ahead. By an amazing coincidence, in 1913, the year that Ty was born, the renowned drama critic, William Winter, wrote a biography of Tyrone, Senior, in which, to any reader today, he might have been talking about Tyrone, Jr. in 1955:

"Power's physical advantages are extraordinary. His eyes, dark and brilliant, are communicative equally of tenderness and fire. His voice is deep and strong, and of a rarely melodious resonant tone. In his demeanor there is a singular engaging union of grace and courtly dignity. In him are combined dramatic talent, sensitive temperament, enthusiastic spirit, devoted love of acting, the knowledge that is gained by experience, a noble ambition and that great saving, correcting, guiding attribute—a keen sense of humor. He is not yet 44 years old. Much as I esteem him as an actor, I value him even more highly as a man."

This is the mantle that Tyrone has inherited. No father ever had a son wearing it with more grace or honor.

THE END

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Determined Davalos

(*Continued from page* 41)

in this home and others which he visited. He knew, too, that one day in the past, when he was still too young to remember, his father left home and never came back. This left its mark and, even today, Dick cannot bring himself to discuss his father. "I don't remember him," is all that he'll say.

His mother, searching for a means to feed herself and her child, took a job as a hairdresser in a New York beauty parlor. Her hours were long, so Dick was boarded out. Shy, sometimes rebellious, more often frightened, the little boy reached out for comfort against the fears he felt in the small, strange room which was now his home. His prayers were not for boyish fears, like overcoming a fear of the dark. At six, Dick Davalos had man-sized nightmares—of being unloved, unwanted, of being a nobody, of insecurity. For a boy with no choice for the present, he looked to the future. One day he discovered a world into which he could escape. A world in which fear and loneliness seemed hardly to exist. It was the world of make-believe.

"I was six years old when I played the *Prince* and the *Magic Mirror* in 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' in a class play at the Crestlea School I went to," says Dick today. "But from that day—except for a brief time in the Navy—I knew what I wanted. I had a blind faith in myself—I had to, no one else did. And somehow, through all those years, I held onto the dream that some day I would be a good actor. A pretty big dream, you'll have to admit, for a kid born in the Bronx."

But while the Bronx was a long three thousand miles away from the nearest Hollywood set, it had certain advantages to a stage-struck kid. It was near Broadway and the theatres, the big movie houses. It was also a place where a kid could pick up a couple of extra pennies if he was enterprising. Dick ran errands, delivered grocery packages and collected old soda-pop bottles for the one day in the week in which he lived—Saturday afternoon. Jingling ten hard-earned pennies in his pocket, he'd run down Tremont Avenue and escape into the movie house that promised the longest show—or Greer Garson. And there, for Dick, began his education.

"What other kids found in their homes, I learned from the actors I watched on the screen," Dick says. "They taught me how to dress, a way to behave, how to talk and act. They helped me pick out the more valuable things in life, which without their influence I might never have sought or found. I spent hours listening to Ronald Colman speak, and I would try to improve my speech by copying his.

"I guess I could say movies gave me a sense of values, too. I was a kind of rebellious kid; I suppose being boarded out did it. I could have easily mimicked the older, tougher kids in the neighborhood. I would have, too, if it weren't for the movies.

"And the film magazines helped me, too. I read PHOTOPLAY regularly, all about how the movie stars lived, the kinds of homes they had, their hobbies and sports, their problems and about their children and adopted children. I read how they reached the top. From these stories, I drew inspiration and a belief that I, too, had a chance. These actors I read about in the magazines gave me a form of selection, I guess you'd call it. They gave me ideals and a goal, which are the greatest things a kid could

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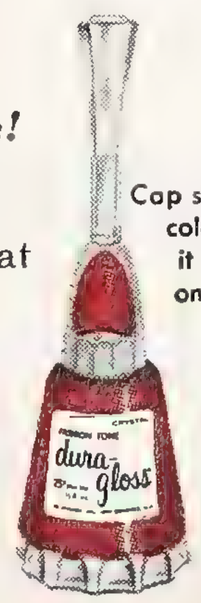

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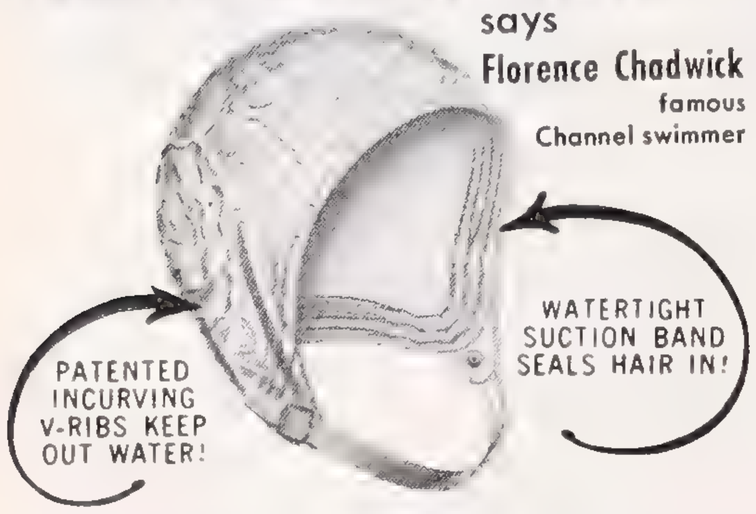

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"I went through a stage when I loved Greer Garson. When I saw her in 'Mrs. Miniver' and in 'Blossoms in the Dust' she gave me an ideal of womanhood that is still vivid. I feel that when I marry I'll know what I want, which will include a complete home of my own, something I've never had. One thing is certain; I'll never marry an actress. I want a girl who is natural and simple without many drives. A girl who knows how to cook, who wants a home life, too. I want to be able to come home to my wife and my family at night. I'd like to have many children and I hope to be able to adopt a couple of kids, too. It's tough being left parentless.

"I realize the insecurity I felt in my childhood is, in part, responsible for my wanting to act. I think, even as a youngster, I realized that through acting I hoped to find an identification—to be someone, who belonged someplace because of some one thing I could do well. And I wanted to give. When you have a family it's easier to give, if you understand what I mean." Dick suddenly stopped and looked anxious. "Like any normal kid, I had love to offer, a desire to please. I had few outlets for these pent-up feelings. In church, when I was an altar boy and a choirboy, I had a feeling of belonging. Summers, too, when Mom sent me up to my uncle's farm in Connecticut. I worked on the farm and I was happy there. I remember one year when I was about eight my uncle let me name all the cows. I can still remember the thrill I got when I'd hear him calling the cows at milking time by the funny names I gave them. While there on the farm, I felt like I did in church. I belonged and, in little ways, I was giving. Acting, I thought, must be like this, for actors had given so much to me."

Dick got a chance to act while in high school. Through the dramatic club of Christopher Columbus High he made his first professional appearance with the Chapel Theatre Group, which presented plays for children in New Jersey. ("When I was on that stage, I knew what I imagined was right. I felt an identification, a satisfaction.")

Bitten by the acting bug for the remainder of that school term, Dick's was a one-track mind. The only book he cracked was one on the Stanislavsky method; every spare moment went into dramatic activities—until the day he was notified he was in danger of flunking. "I finally made up the lost time, but my mother was instrumental in my finishing high school. I never would have made up the time and gotten my diploma if I had been left to my own devices."

After high school, being of draft age, Dick joined the Navy and served aboard the USS *Midway* as an apprentice airman, spending a year at sea. Getting around the world added maturity, it also fostered self-doubts. "In the Navy, I went through a tremendous psychological bit," Dick confided. "It was a tense period and, for the first time since I was six, I lost faith in myself. In a profession where so many are called and so few are chosen, how could you expect to be one of the few? I repeatedly asked myself.

"The Greek philosophers, Freud and Stanislavsky, all say, 'Know thyself.' I tried during that year at sea. At the end of the year, I knew the score: Common sense warned, Select a more secure occupation. Yet intuition said, If you're so hep on giving something, give it. If you have to express it through acting, then act. The decision made, I still had one problem. Resolutions need money to be carried out."

So Dick found himself a paying job as a switchboard operator and information clerk at the Willard Parker Hospital, a hospital for communicable diseases in New York ("It's a city hospital," Dick explains. "But with such a fancy name I thought when I applied for the job they'd never accept me.") After five o'clock, Dick's time and paycheck went to studying modern dance with Martha Graham and Erick Hawkins. A year and a half of dancing, though, convinced him that the dance was not his means of expression ("I had to talk, to say something, something inside"). He "let go" of dancing and signed up at the Herbert Berghof Dramatic Studio in New York, where by strange coincidence Jo Van Fleet, who plays his mother in "East of Eden," was his first dramatic coach. For her and Anthony Mannino, another instructor at the Studio, Dick feels tremendous respect and gratitude. ("They helped me affirm what I'd always hoped—that I could be an actor.")

After two years of study and supporting himself by working as a duplicating machine operator for Time magazine, Dick got an offer to appear at the Ann Arbor (Michigan) Art Theatre in the Round. He took it. The engagement lasted several months—then back to New York to a variety of odd, part-time jobs—messenger, filing clerk, switchboard operator—while he tried making that first big step up to, and behind, the footlights.

Dick's opportunity came with "Miss Lulu Bett" at the Theatre De Lys in Greenwich Village in 1953, after nearly seven years of study. Agent Robert Lantz saw his performance and offered to sign him, and thus began Dick's steady uphill climb through numerous dramatic roles on TV to "East of Eden." All during this time, while acting, Dick continued to hold down part-time jobs. The summer of '54 he was a soda jerk at Schrafft's, the same counter, incidentally, where Kirk Douglas once worked.

When he tested for "Eden," he worked at the Trans-Lux ("I didn't take off my uniform until I had a Warners contract in hand and saw Mr. Kazan in person," he says).

Knowing the background of Dick's life, it seems paradoxical that he should play the beloved, respected *Aron* in "Eden," instead of the unloved, rebellious *Cal*. Yet, this is the way Dick wanted it.

"I first read for the part James Dean plays, the part of *Cal*," Dick explained. "But I'd read the book and all the time I was reading for *Cal* I kept thinking, I'm not *Cal*, I'm *Aron*. I could understand and feel my identification with *Aron*. I believe he did the best he knew how to adjust to the situation. I believe he really tried (as I have) in what he was searching for. When I got the opportunity to test for the part of *Aron*—I made the test with Dean—I tried to get this across in my reading. Mr. Kazan believed in me and I got the role."

It's a standard question to ask a new star what success and Hollywood mean to him. It isn't necessary to ask Richard Davalos. Usually Dick's smiles come half-reluctantly. He's mostly serious with a trigger-fast sensitivity and a facility for holding his composure, but when he talks about Hollywood his reserve gives way to a smile that is contagiously enthusiastic.

"Hollywood, I find, is pretty wonderful," he candidly admits without any attempt to hide his emotions. "The studio has treated me fine, everybody's been more than kind and considerate. The actors I work with have helped me enormously. Jimmy Dean and I roomed together for a while and I got to know him pretty well and to like him.

"Tab Hunter's been swell, too. Tab and I both tested for 'Battle Cry,' but Tab got

the part. Then, funny thing, after 'Eden,' I'm cast in 'The Sea Chase.' And who's there with me? Tab! When we were on location in Honolulu, we stayed in the same house (remember Tab's Hawaiian Diary, in the March PHOTOPLAY) and went on live TV shows together.

"It's kind of interesting to go to a Hollywood party before your picture is released and nobody knows you," Dick rambled on happily. "Kind of like asking for it, I've been told. But I didn't find it that way. At my first, and only, Hollywood party to date, I met Debbie Reynolds. She just sat down and started to talk to me. Certainly she didn't know who I was and didn't much care. Debbie's great attraction is that she's so alive. Lori Nelson's another warm and friendly person."

Dick finds the girls in Hollywood very nice, but so far he hasn't done much dating. "I don't have a car," he explains. "I couldn't even pick up a girl at her house and take her home. Besides, I like life simple—a movie with a cup of coffee and talk afterwards. Louise De Carlo, who had a small part in 'Eden,' is the only girl I've dated out here. We have simple dates."

Even under cross-examination, Dick will never admit he's been in love—"not what you'd call completely in love." However, it's rumored that twenty-four-year-old Mr. Davalos does have a special girl, back in New York, the girl he took to the New York premiere of "East of Eden." But Dick, who shuns no questions regarding his career is adamant about discussing his personal life. "Let's just say, this is a subject too close to me to discuss for publication," he says firmly.

Has Hollywood changed his personal life? Not very much. He still lives in a boarding house, although he says that he and Perry Lopez, who was also in "Battle Cry" and showed him the Hollywood ropes and know-how, are thinking of renting a house together. He doesn't plan to buy a car ("Can't see spending that money. I can get to work by bus"). He still hasn't bought himself a suit ("Rented my Tux for the premiere of 'Eden'"). In fact, Dick's one personal extravagance as a result of fame has been a tweed jacket, which he speaks about with loving pride, happily shows its plaid lining.

"Perry Lopez sat in the store with me for nearly an hour while I tried to decide whether I should spend the money on the jacket. We finally walked out without it, but a week later we went back. I put down the money and walked out with the jacket on.

"You know, when you've made a picture, two pictures, it's assumed," Dick said, "that you're in the money. This is a big assumption. I still owe my school money. And I had a big dentist bill—I had to take care of my teeth. This was one thing that was long overdue. I'm not complaining, understand. Honestly, I'm so grateful I don't know how to say it. I'm grateful to the people who fed me and gave me their old clothes, to the waiters in the cheap restaurants I patronized who gave me extra helpings, to the school treasurer who waited for the tuition money I couldn't pay, to all the people who really didn't know whether I was going to be a success but had faith in me, who raised my sights. Thanks to them, I have what I enjoy today."

And what Richard Davalos has today is the assurance that the dream he so determinedly hung onto since he was six was a real one. "East of Eden" proves he can act. His is a success story, a dream with a happy ending. But for Dick the ending is just the beginning with many more exciting installments to come.

THE END

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(*Continued from page 54*)

probably the most bothersome problem of "the most beautiful girls in the world." They either have too much of it or not enough. The constant shifting of poundage entails a complete overhaul of physical equipment and even personality.

Anne Baxter is a prime example of this. Anne used to be plump and dowdy. In fact she was definitely on the matronly side, even though she was only in her early twenties.

Then came the evolution. Anne won an Oscar for "The Razor's Edge," but cried as she cuddled her statuette to sleep. As an artiste she was delighted, but as a woman, she was shattered at the blousy blimp she and the Academy audience had seen on the screen. She decided to lose weight and acquire a cigar instead. What a murderous diet poor Anne suffered through. But today, Anne's figure is as sleek and slim as any glamour queen could hope for and she's acquired the personality to match it. I have to admit that the change makes for a much more exciting woman.

When Janet Leigh arrived in Hollywood as the protégé of Norma Shearer, she was a ball of fluff and a bit of fat. Janet soon gave up peanut butter sandwiches (a particular passion with her), pastry and soft drinks and reduced her figure down to where the camera said it should be. She learned how to do her hair so that it flattered rather than fattened her face, and because her upper lip is a little thin, she gave herself a thicker one. She changed the tone of her make-up to better highlight her cheekbones and put emphasis on her eyes.

Then, with all of this accomplished, Janet went to the other extreme. For no discernible reason, she dieted too strenuously and lost an alarming amount of weight, weight that she could use today. However, unlike most of us gals, Janet managed to lose weight in every place but her bust, which remains a formidable 37. Now she is trying to bring the rest of her to match.

Jan Sterling's attempt to achieve what she considered the proper figure dimensions for a glamour girl caused her to have her nose bobbed. And she makes no secret of the schnoz surgery.

"I weighed one hundred forty pounds, in over-round figures, when I first started acting," Jan told me. "I took stock of myself and decided that something had to be done. So I went on a diet. I finally got down to a good weight for me—one hundred fifteen pounds, only to find that the nose that went so well with a full-cheeked face looked big and out of proportion on a face that was now thin and slightly hollow. So I had it bobbed to proper size. Now I can't afford to put on weight again, or my nose will look ridiculous."

Incidentally, Jan is a girl who believes that every woman should make the most of what she has, and if what she has gets a little saggy around the edges, something should be done about it.

"When I feel I need a face lift," Jan said, "I'll have one. I've only got one face and one body, and I'm going to make 'em last as long as possible—and look good while they're lasting."

Shelley Winters has always had a weight problem, and with only a little help from a mashed potato or two, can add pounds by the minute.

"But I don't order mashed potatoes," Shelley protested. "Whenever I eat out, I order the barest minimum that's on the menu. Horrible things like cottage cheese and hard-boiled eggs."

What Shelley fails to add, though, is that she eats exactly as I do. She pays no attention to the food on her own plate, but takes it from other plates around her. She's a confirmed "food snatcher." Before the end of a meal, Shelley will have cleaned up every plate within fork reaching distance, while scarcely touching what's on her own.

"But I've finally discovered a foolproof method for losing weight," she bubbled. "I go out and buy dresses that are two sizes too small for me, then diet like mad until I can get into them."

On the opposite side of the table is Vera-Ellen. Everything she eats turns to thin. No matter how she tries, she can't seem to gain an ounce. Fortunately for her, she looks well in high-necked, full-sleeved dresses that successfully cover any bones that might look too thin uncovered.

"It's my dancing that does it," complained Vera. "I've got to practice every day, and I use up all my food for energy. It's a vicious circle that I can't seem to get out of."

She's out of it now, though only momentarily. Since she married Vic Rothschild, Vera's given up her daily dance practice, but she still uses her energy in playing tennis and swimming. And with each stroke, oops, there goes another ounce. But I believe that in time as Vera gets more relaxed, she'll be able to wear what she eats in nice firm flesh on her quite gorgeous shape.

When it comes to all-time near-perfect figures, Betty Grable's is my choice to head the list. Oddly enough, what's bad for Vera is good for Betty.

"I've never had any trouble keeping in shape," Betty told me recently on the set of her 20th Century-Fox picture, "How to Be Very, Very Popular." "Dancing and exercise do it. My measurements haven't changed in fifteen years." Then she added: "I'm thirty-nine, and I'd like to see any girl of twenty-five come up and stand next to me and look better." None of the girls took up her challenge, because the shape that Betty's in should happen to all of us.

For years, June Allyson considered herself too skinny to wear evening gowns that revealed anything more than her neck, and she considered herself too unattractive to be a movie star, even after she'd become one.

Actually, June has a very good figure. Her legs are well-shaped, her body nicely, though not sensationally, curved. And her attractiveness to moviegoers has been proven by the fact that June is now the Number One feminine star at the box-office. It has only been recently, though, that she's felt brave enough to wear off-the-shoulder, bare-topped dresses, and I think she looks wonderful in them.

Amazingly enough, in a town where a good curve is the shortest distance to the front page, Kathryn Grayson is a nonconformist. Katie, who has been abundantly blessed by nature with what makes the body beautiful, chooses not only to play it down, but to almost ignore it completely.

At one time Katie told me: "I think I have a better figure than Lana Turner's and yet nobody realizes it." But, when realization dawned, Kathryn wouldn't allow anything to be done about it. "I don't want my bosom to be the focal point of interest," she'd tell photographers who were always asking her to take a deep breath. Actually, Kathryn, who has a wonderful, lusty sense of humor, is shy about this gift with which nature has endowed her, shy almost to the point of embarrassment.

One of the most fantastic figures in all of Hollywood history still belongs to the original hour-glass girl, Mae West, and she makes every minute of it count. I have it on the word of the woman who designs Mae's lingerie, Juel Park, that she has the figure of a twenty-year-old girl, and believe me, Mae isn't twenty, or even three times twenty. I asked how she does it, and was told, "Bar-bells. She exercises every day with bar-bells." If she can do it, I can too. One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four. (I'm exhausted already!)

Elizabeth Taylor is considered to be the ultimate in natural brunette beauty. "She has a figure that matches her face, and you can't do better than that," a male friend of mine exclaimed. "Everything about her is just right. How can you beat that combination of beauty and build?"

I admitted I couldn't, but Liz almost did. After she married Mike Wilding and became pregnant, she gained and gained and gained. She put on thirty-five pounds, twenty of which remained after her son was born. Under normal conditions, Liz could have gotten back into proper shape within six months, but her studio didn't give her that much time. They gave her three weeks to report before the cameras. Consequently, Elizabeth had to plunge into steam baths, massage, and appetite-curbing pills. Finally the fat melted away and her waist came into view once more.

When Liz had her second baby recently, she didn't have the same problem. She had watched her calories, and it was just a matter of days until she had her figure lines down pat. Even the beautiful Liz had to learn the hard way that perfection doesn't come naturally. It needs some help.

Terry Moore and Mitzi Gaynor are two

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★ says Kim Novak, who discusses how to be popular while very, very nice

★ states Tab Hunter, who examines the question of sex appeal from the male point of view

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND JULY 5

girls who almost lost their glamour by putting on more curves than are called for. They had 'em where they shouldn't be, and it was hip, hip, away—away out to there. It was Mitzi's husband, Jack Bean, who took her in hand and put her on a strenuous diet that left her hungry but slender.

Terry didn't have the help of a loving man to spur her on, only her own will power that commanded: Push the table away more often. Being on the diminutive side, Terry is inclined to get roly-poly unless she foregoes the pleasures of sweets and starches. But it's the only way. Terry's curves today are those she wouldn't want to lose under any circumstances.

Debra Paget is one girl who's always experimenting with her figure and her face. One day she wears brunette hair shoulder length. Next day it's red and short. With amazing rapidity she shifts from seductive sheath dresses that actually breathe with her body to demure skirts and blouses. But beneath whatever she wears is a manufactured body, manufactured to the strictest dimensions that Debra herself demands.

Of course Debra had something to work with originally. But what she had and what she made of it are two different figgers. Debra's entire family is inclined to be hefty. Her mother approaches the 300-pound mark and approaches it willingly out on the kitchen range. And Deb would travel that-a-way too—but for her career.

"I live to eat," murmured Debra wistfully at lunch with me the other day. "I could eat and never stop." But she does stop. Her lunch consisted of sliced tomatoes, a small patty of hamburger and half a grapefruit. If she ever lets herself go, though, watch out.

Columbia studio's new find, Kim Novak, who was born with what most girls have to acquire through hard and diligent work, used to have one complaint about herself.

"I thought I was too tall," she insisted. "I always wanted to be at least three inches shorter than I am." Kim is five feet, seven, but nobody else complains about her height. Why should they, when she measures a neat 37-22-37 in the places where it counts the most.

"I used to try to hide my height by slumping," Kim confessed. "Then I lost a modeling job because I didn't have good posture. Since then I've been standing straight."

There's a nasty rumor going round that a figure to be exciting must conform to certain rigid standards of proportion; the bust and hips must be exactly ten inches larger than the waist. No one that I know of could be farther from the supposed norm than Jane Russell, who appears to be lopsided when you put her measurements down in black and white, but when you put them in a low-cut, figure-hugging gown, they've earned her several million dollars. From top to bottom, Jane reads 38, 22, 37. "What a top!" echo fifty million red-blooded American males, including husband Bob Waterfield.

This may come as a bit of a shock to some, but the world's most famous bathing beauty, M-G-M's water nymph, Esther Williams, believes she hasn't got enough of what Kathryn Grayson is so shy about and Jane Russell is so rich with. Fortunately, Esther can take care of this oversight, if any, on the part of nature, with one of her own sponsored swim suits. But I'll take a bet now that Esther worries over nothing.

Besides, who was the poet who penned that beauty to be truly so should have at least one minor flaw?

THE END

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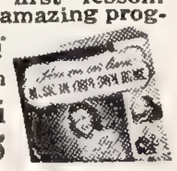

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 30)

feels fit because she dashes down to the beach for her daily dozen pirouettes. The internationally known ballerina was so charming in "The Prodigal," Lana Turner suggested her for "Diane" (Lana's next picture). Taina's husband, who imports glass from Finland, plans to build an all-glass house here when they become American citizens.

Today in Hollywood: William Holden has another new and enthusiastic admirer on his long list. They met backstage when Marlon Brando won an Oscar for that great performance in "On the Waterfront." Bill has deep interest in world conditions, especially in the Far East. So has Marlon, which is why he was fascinated with Bill's intelligent on-the-spot reports . . . . Gene Tierney's friends think she's fighting off a nervous breakdown, resulting from her broken romance with Aly Khan . . . . And some say Greer Garson would be wise to forsake her career, because Buddy Fogelson is growing weary of playing second fiddle . . . . But Lana Turner (weighing in at 109 lbs and looking sensational) may kiss the close-ups goodbye and never miss 'em. Those three oil wells in Texas that belong to her and Lex Barker are spouting liquid money and lots of it!

Hollywood's Worried About: Rock Hudson's low spirits. Warners postponed "Giant" just long enough for U-I to insist upon their big boxoffice boy giving them a third consecutive picture. There are those who think Rock should have taken a suspension, but he can't forget his studio gambled on him when he was unknown. However, the poor exhausted guy is praying his acting won't suffer when he reports for the biggest challenge of his career.

First Aid: Beautiful and talented, Lori Nelson is. Overconfident and aggressive, she ain't! So her role of the clubfoot girl in "Jagged Edge" was quite a challenge. Following an important dramatic scene, lovely Lori was miserable. Shelley Winters wanted to know why. "I know I could have played it so much better," Lori said discouraged. "Then tell the director you want to try it again," Shelley insisted. "Oh, I wouldn't dare," was the answer. "Oh *yes* you would!" exploded Shelley. So Lori was forced into it, thanks to you know who, and after the take the entire set applauded!

Funnies: A group of Hollywood stars who pay ninety cents on every dollar to the government, were lamenting the situation. "Here's what really gripes me," cracked Bob Hope. "Why should Rubirosa and I pay the same *amusement* tax!" . . . And Bob's arch "enemy" broke up the set doing a love scene with Jeanmaire in "Anything Goes." Inquired the ballerina: "Would they kiss like this in Akron, Ohio?" Bing Crosby deadpanned: "Honey, if you were there—they'd kiss like this is Cucamonga!"

Away We Go: Since "Six Bridges to Cross," George Nader's fan mail leaped to second place at U-I. (Rock Hudson's first.) So a new deal is pending and, before he left for that "Away All Boats" location in the Virgin Islands, George's bosses called him into the front office. They plan to give him zee be-eg build-up if he promises to stay single for a few years. George promised! And now wait till his fans see what happened to that handsome head of hair they go for. George wears it butch style for his new role and we can hear those squeals of protest already!

Reunions: It's all arranged for Jeff Chandler's wife to fly on and be waiting in New York when he returns from shooting "Away All Boats" in the Virgin Islands. To celebrate their reconciliation, Jeff's buying Marge a new wardrobe in the big city that will top any trousseau! . . . And Jean Simmons, who finishes "Guys and Dolls" before Stewart Granger returns from making "Bhowani Junction" in India, won't accept an immediate picture. "Even if I take a suspension," she affirms, "I'm determined that Jimmy and I will have uninterrupted time to get acquainted again!"

Helping Hand: You'd better remember the name of Perry Lopez! Why? Well, for one reason, because Alan Ladd won't let you forget it! The Ladds saw the Latin-looking young actor in "Battle Cry" and were so impressed with his talent, Alan got Perry into "The McConnell Story." And now his next and best break comes in "Darkest Hour," thanks to Alan again. The Ladds are going to guide Perry's career and with such kindly, qualified sponsors, how can the lucky guy miss!

Cal Salutes: Jeff Hunter for his good taste and dignity in refusing to contest the unnecessary charges made by Barbara Rush, when she won her divorce and custody of son Christopher. Jeff did get one break, however: Barbara asked for no alimony . . . . Ann Blyth for volunteering to assist young TV singer Dick Stewart, who's future for his wife and kiddie depends on that M-G-M test he's making for "Kismet." . . . Pier Angeli for her unswerving faith in the power of prayer. She didn't lose Vic Damone's baby following a fall during a rough plane flight to Palm Springs. And Pier will be well and strong again.

Real-life Santa: Like Jeff Richards and the entire "Bar Sinister" company, Cal is very touched over this untold story on beloved Edmund Gwenn. Unfortunately the kindly old character actor is suffering from recurrent arthritis. So to save him painful steps, M-G-M offered to use a double for his walking shots. "Oh, I couldn't permit that," he gently exclaimed, "people pay to see me and I wouldn't want to *cheat* them!"

Gifties: When Debbie Reynolds (chaperoned by her mother) accompanied Eddie Fisher to London's Palladium, Eddie gave her a bon voyage present she needed and loved. Lipstick red luggage that matches the Thunderbird the boy friend gave Deb, too . . . . And speaking of Thunderbirds, the gear knob on Bob Wagner's is imbedded with a gold St. Christopher, patron saint of travel. Bob "forgets" the name of the lovely lady who presented it! . . . And Janet Leigh was the first customer to buy Tony Curtis one of those new orange sport shirts from his favorite "Gifts for Men."

Acid Test: By the time they finished "Battle Cry," Tab Hunter and Aldo Ray were real buddy-buddies. So when Columbia sent Aldo to Japan to make "Sergeant O'Reilly," good ol' Taberoo called Jeff Donnell who's so madly in love with her husband, she was pining away with loneliness. "I'd like to take you out for the evening," said thoughtful Tab. "Please tell me where *you* would like to go." Mrs. Aldo Ray immediately answered: "To see any movie—as long as it's 'Battle Cry!'" Grins Tab with a sly wink: "So I was forced to look at myself again, too which, under the circumstances, wasn't so difficult!"

THE END

From California, to London, to Bedlam

(*Continued from page* 43)

wanting for one minute to miss the plane.

Meanwhile, on the New York to London plane, Paul Brinkman muttered under his breath as he tried to dress his three youngest children—a feat that can only be accomplished in the lower berth of an airplane if both parties are lying on their backs. But Paul—who had bravely volunteered to bring all four children from California to London by himself—refused to be daunted by a few buttons.

"Daddy," Michael asked, "where's Paul?"

"What do you mean?" Paul asked, buttoning the last button on Michael's sweater and reaching for his comb.

Michael is six years old and casual about most things. "He went to the bathroom last night and he didn't come back."

Paul sat up quickly, hitting his head for the third time against the top of the berth. He looked into the aisle of the plane. Two-and-a-half-year-old Jeanine and four-and-a-half-year-old Timothy were sitting in the middle of the aisle rolling marbles at each other. They were a hazard to traffic, but at least they were there.

Paul Brinkman Junior, who is tall for his seven-and-a-half years and quite conspicuous, was nowhere. He was not in the men's lounge or the women's lounge, not in the galley, not sitting with any of the other passengers. The escape hatches were still bolted. No one could have left the plane, and yet Paul was not in the map room, not up front with the crew, not in the rear with the baggage.

Paul ironically remembered his last words to his wife over the long-distance telephone wires a few nights before. "Don't worry, darling," he had said. "One good thing about a plane. The children can't get out."

The plane was checked and double-checked. The other passengers looked under their seats and their suitcases. No Paul. And all the berths had been made up except one.

"Maybe he's in there," Paul suggested to the stewardess.

"Well," she answered doubtfully, "it's occupied."

"I'm going to look," Paul said and reached for the curtains.

The stewardess stopped him. "It's occupied by a woman."

Paul took his hand away. "Maybe you'd better look then," he said.

The stewardess looked—and found Paul and the original occupant sleeping contentedly at opposite ends of the berth. In the dark, half-asleep, Paul had missed his own berth and crawled into the next one, and neither he nor the woman had been awakened by the search in the aisle outside.

Finally, Paul, too, was dressed, and the five Brinkmans sat restlessly in their seats. In a few minutes, the plane would be landing in London; in a few minutes, Paul thought, he would be seeing Jeanne again. Nothing could happen now.

"Daddy," Michael said, "I feel awfully sick."

"Daddy," Timothy said, "I think I do, too."

Paul and Jeanne didn't know it then, but it was an apt beginning for this trip.

The necessity for this family honeymoon came about after Jeanne finished "Man Without a Star" at Universal-International. She dyed her red hair black and went to Europe for "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," expecting to return home by Thanksgiving. She didn't, and the shooting dragged on into December. Suddenly she realized that they would not be finished by Christmas. And Christmas without the family was impossible. So on that gray December day she waited at the airport. If she could not go home for Christmas, her family would come to her.

The plane landed and the first thing Michael said was, "This isn't London."

"Of course it is, darling," Jeanne said.

"Can't be," joined in Timothy. "The people look like us."

When this slight misconception was straightened out, they drove to their rooms at the Dorchester Hotel. Paul and Jeanne thought it would be nice to have an early dinner and go to bed. They were exhausted. But the children, being normal and healthy, were still living on California time. They could not be convinced that just because it was 8:30 in London, it was time to go to bed. For two weeks they stayed on California time and went to bed at one A.M. And, of course, for two weeks they stayed on California mealtime. According to Big Ben, they had breakfast at eleven, lunch at 4:30, dinner at eleven.

The first night, just before he went to sleep, Paul called to his mother. "We still get bicycles for Christmas," he asked, "don't we?"

Jeanne thought of crating, uncrating,

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transporting and caring for two bicycles on various stages of the journey from London to California and shuddered. But Michael and Paul had been promised bicycles for Christmas. "We'll see, dear," she said. "We'll look in the toy shops tomorrow."

The toy shops were crowded with things.

"Here's something." Paul showed a beautiful—and light—erector set to his oldest son. "You can make three hundred things with it."

"Nice," Paul Jr. said. "Where're the bicycles?"

"Look, Michael," Jeanne said. "Here's a punching bag."

"Swell," Michael said. "But let's see the bicycles."

Timothy ran down the store aisle. "Where," he asked, "are the tricycles?"

Christmas Eve found Paul lugging three crates full of bicycle parts from the basement of the Dorchester Hotel to their suite. When he had carried the crates up, he and Jeanne sat on the floor and assembled the pieces. By three A.M. Christmas morning they had two beautiful English bikes, a tricycle for Timothy and a sidecar that could be attached for Jeanine.

Paul Brinkman kissed his wife. "Merry Christmas," he said—and stumbled against the handlebar of Michael's bike. "Honey," he said, "are we crazy?"

They are crazy, but it is a nice sort of amiable insanity—the kind that made them take four children to Europe without a nurse or maid, that made them buy antiques and bicycles without a thought of how they would get them home, that allowed them to entrain recklessly for the United States with eleven trunks, eight suitcases, twenty-two crates and four children.

During the weeks in London, Anglo-American relations proceeded quite well. Of course, Timothy and Michael wondered why the English spoke French.

"It isn't French, stupid," Paul Jr. said to Michael. "It's English."

"You can't fool me," Michael said.

The Brinkmans spent most of their days in Hyde Park, the beautiful London park that is twenty-one miles long and that—luckily for Paul—is just across the boulevard from the Dorchester. Luckily, because part of his job as a father was the daily carrying of two bicycles, one tricycle and sidecar over to the park and back.

The park had lakes with white swans that got fat on the remains of children's breakfasts and teas. Soon the Brinkmans began stuffing things in their pockets to feed the swans. All expect Jeanine. She stuffed the bits of egg and rolls and squashy jam cakes into her pockets all right, but she forgot what she was supposed to do with them. Once, when she wore the same sweater for three days, all the animals in London followed her home.

The evenings, at least, were for Paul and Jeanne. They walked through Hyde Park, listened to Big Ben sound the hours, stood and watched the Thames flow by, drove through Piccadilly Circus with the wind blowing against their faces, danced in small clubs and, often, just stood for a moment and looked at the streets around them—the streets that had in their past so much of history.

It was, as Jeanne had said, almost like a honeymoon—except for the few problems that normally don't crop up on honeymoons. Like the night they came back to the hotel, their hair still wet from the fine London mist. They were cold and out of breath. Paul prodded the embers of the fire in their sitting room. When the fire flamed again, they sat on the floor in front of it, shaking the dampness from their hair. They were silent for a while, and Jeanne laid her head against the couch and felt the warmth of the fire on her cheek.

"Ten more days in London," Paul said. "And maybe we weren't so crazy after all. We haven't lost any children."

He paused, and Jeanne nodded sleepily.

". . . they haven't gotten sick."

Jeanne nodded again.

". . . and their noise hasn't even gotten us evicted from the hotel."

The door to the sitting room opened, and Timothy came in. "I don't feel good," he said. "My throat hurts and my head hurts."

The doctor was called and said it was probably mild tonsillitis aggravated by the London weather. Timothy would be all right in a day or two, he said. Then Timothy was put back to bed.

Paul and Jeanne slept late the next morning. Through their blanket of sleep came sounds of laughter from the boys' room.

"What's wrong?" Paul asked sleepily.

"They're playing," Jeanne said. "Isn't that nice?" She pulled the blanket over her ears.

Fifteen minutes later, Michael came into the bedroom and jumped thoughtfully up and down on the bed.

" 'Morning," he said. "Gee, Timmy looks funny."

Timmy's parents bounded like deer from the bed. Five minutes later, it was obvious to them that Timmy had the mumps. The other boys were quickly shuttled off to other rooms.

"Not," Paul said, with resignation, "that it's going to do any good."

Day by day the time of leaving came closer. Timothy recovered and still the other children felt fine. Jeanne and Paul had nightmares about the other three children breaking out with the mumps in the train to Southhampton. They had nightmares about the inspectors examining the children and then quarantining the family in England for weeks.

"Don't," they told the children, "say that Timmy's had the mumps. It's in our papers. We just don't want to remind the inspectors."

The packing of eleven trunks, eight suitcases, two bicycles, one tricycle with sidecar, an antique dresser, copper for fifty antique lamps and a few assorted odds and ends did not help their nightmares any.

Paul hammered his thumb for the third time and put it in his mouth to ease the pain. "You must be crazy," he mumbled, "asking me to bring four kids to Europe."

"Me?" Jeanne tried to repair the fingernail she had torn on Michael's bicycle seat. "Me? Who said there'd be nothing to it?"

"Any sane man—" Paul began.

"Any sane man," Jeanne said, "would have kept his child from playing with someone who had the mumps."

"Any sane man? Why there's no one in this whole city who's got the mumps except Timothy. He must have caught them out of nowhere."

There was silence for a moment.

"And how the blazes," asked Paul, "are we going to have room for fifty copper lamps in our house?"

"I'll find room," she said defiantly.

Then she thought about the house with copper lamps suspended from the ceilings and copper lamps rising out of the floors and copper lamps strategically sunken in the swimming pool, and she started to laugh.

Paul looked at her angrily for another minute, and then he started to laugh, too. They sat on the floor of their Dorchester apartment, surrounded by half-closed packing cases and pieces of straw and laughed until the laughter was too painful for these two sane adults to stand.

Paul reached for her hand. "We don't even have enough sense," he said, choking on his own laughter, "to fly back. No, we're going to take a five-day boat trip so that. . ."

They said the words together, ". . . so that Michael and Timothy can see the whales."

Jeanne was helpless against the laughter. "You had to take them to see 'Pinocchio.' "

"How was I to know they'd fall in love with a whale? And anyway, you were the one to say we'd seen whales when we came over in October."

"You had to buy them bicycles."

"You had to buy enough antiques to fill eight packing cases."

"And you had to decide to drive the rest of the way back from Chicago."

"Why was that?" Paul asked firmly.

"Because I wanted a new car. Thank you, darling," and in the same breath, "I'm sorry."

"What for?" Paul was serious for a moment. "The people who aren't crazy miss an awful lot." He held out his arms to his wife.

She rested her head against his shoulder. "We are idiots," she said thoughtfully.

"But happy?" he asked.

"Very happy," she said, as the staid old Dorchester creaked a little at the sound of laughter before settling back to normal.

Eventually the packing cases were all nailed and the trunks packed and the suitcases locked, and a strange procession crossed the Dorchester lobby. Attached to Jeanne's left hand was Jeanine, dressed completely in red; attached to Jeanne's right hand was Michael, dressed in green. Paul had Paul Jr. in blue and Timothy in yellow.

"It was the only way," Jeanne has said, "that we were able to put the right cap and mittens on the right child."

Strung out behind like a native safari in darkest Africa were a group of porters. They got aboard the boat train all right. The real troubles began at Southhampton. The tender which was to carry them from shore out to their ship, the Liberté, was broad, and it lacked rails. It was flat and ugly, and it looked like a disreputable ferryboat. Jeanne sat on the lowest packing case, looked at the stormy Atlantic and held tighter to the two children.

A voice approached out of the fog. "We just had to see you off. Have a good trip."

Jeanne looked up to see a large and bulky basket of fruit descend on her. She let go of Michael and Jeanine just long enough to tuck the basket under her left hip and smiled weakly at their friends. Then she crossed her fingers and hoped for the best.

The best, however, was not to come. The last minute gifts placed at the shrine of the departing warriors included two orchid corsages (one of which Jeanne pinned to her coat, the other of which perched limply on her hat); six novels ("to read on the trip; you'll be frightfully bored otherwise"); several boxes of candy (which at least kept the children interested in something besides the Atlantic for a few minutes); and a large bunch of flowers for their stateroom. Jeanne thought of that stateroom on the distant Liberté in much the same fashion a traveler lost in the Sahara thinks of water.

Timothy wandered over. "Daddy's talking to the men," he said, pointing out the customs inspectors.

"Fine," said Jeanne absently, pulling Jeanine down from the packing case she had started to climb.

"Where's Paul?" Michael asked in the tone of one who feels someone else is getting privileges unfairly denied to himself.

"Looking over the edge," Timothy said, seating himself on a packing case.

Jeanne caught her eldest son before he plunged into the Atlantic and brought him back to their home away from home on deck.

"I was looking for whales," he said.

Paul and the customs inspectors came over to examine the luggage. Michael decided to get friendly. "We're going home," he said to the nearest uniform. "We've been in London. Lots of things happened. We went to the circus, and Timmy caught. . ."

"Look," Paul said desperately. "A whale, look."

His heart did not quite stop at the thought of the children being examined and perhaps quarantined in Southhampton for weeks, but it came close.

"Where?" Michael asked.

"There aren't any whales here," the chief inspector said.

"Oh, sorry," Paul said. "Probably just need glasses. Make a note of that, darling," he said to Jeanne who was busy offering Michael his choice of caramels.

Then the crisis was over. The inspectors departed, and the tender rolled mournfully out of the bay.

The five-day trip to America on the Liberté was disturbed only by the necessity for typing out a customs report on the eleven trunks, eight suitcases and twenty-two packing cases. All antiques are duty-free, but you still have to list them. Jeanne and Paul were afraid they would miss some Georgian andiron or pewter mug in their list and be accused of smuggling. And when the time came, they did have some trouble. But it wasn't over the antiques. It was over bicycles.

"Hum," the inspector said suspiciously. "English bicycles. Why did you go over to England to buy bicycles?"

Jeanne tried to explain that they hadn't —as he thought—gone to England for the express purpose of buying bicycles.

"Why'd you buy them then?" he asked patriotically.

"Christmas," she said, keeping both eyes on Michael who was trying to pick the lock on someone's trunk.

"American bikes aren't good enough for Christmas presents?"

"No. Yes. But we were in Eng. . ." She pulled Timothy away from a shipment of Asiatic snakes. Paul did a better job of explaining, and in the end, they were allowed to go.

And for once they were lucky. The boat docked on time. Two hours after landing, they were aboard the train to Chicago; the train left on time. The trunks and packing cases rolled safely to California via the Southern Pacific. Only the six Brinkmans and eight suitcases were foolish enough to leave the train. Paul picked up Jeanne's new orchid-and-white Oldsmobile in Chicago and they started the three-day drive west.

As if to impress them, the weather was doing some of the most peculiar things it had done in fifty years. An hour out of Chicago a blizzard ("Ain't never seen a blizzard this late in the year," a filling station attendant said with awe) welcomed them. The kids adored it.

"Snow," Paul Jr. said. "Real snow."

"Snow," Michael shouted, putting his hand out the window to catch some.

"Hey, it's all wet," Timothy said, wiping his snow off on Jeanine.

Jeanine began to cry.

The blizzard was followed by a spring flood. Paul turned on his windshield wipers and struggled desperately to see the road.

"It's rain," Paul Jr. said.

"Raining hard rain," Michael offered, opening his window.

"Swell," Timothy said, getting his sweater soaked in an effort to catch the rain.

The rain hit Jeanine in the face and she started to cry.

The rain was followed by washed out bridges, a rockslide, three detours and a roadblock. Finally, an hour late and fifty miles out of their way, they limped up to a motel for the night.

The next day dawned cool and clear.

"Thank God," Paul said, looking at the sunlight shining on the highway. "No trouble today."

He was slightly mistaken. Around noon, Paul Jr. complained of a sore throat, Jeanine began to cry and Michael said his head ached. By three o'clock it was obvious that three more children had the mumps.

"Everything's happened on this trip except a sandstorm," Paul said to Jeanne as he stopped for orange juice for his feverish children.

He hadn't learned—even yet—to be silent about his good fortune. There was a large desert between him and California and while driving through the middle of it there occurred a genuine sandstorm.

The children were over most of their fever by that time, and they sat, happy and swollen-cheeked, in the rear seat.

"Great," Michael said. "Look at that dust."

"That's not dust, dopey," Paul said. "That's sand. Isn't it, Daddy?"

Timothy merely sat and sang contentedly to himself, "You've got the mumps. You've got the mumps."

But all things—even the wrath of the gods—must come to an end and, at approximately 11:03 P.M. that evening, the Brinkmans drove up the winding road to their canyon home. All of them—even Jeanine—stood quietly for a moment, looking at the silent house.

"Hey, Mommy, we're home," Michael said, and there was a note of awe in his voice. And Jeanne knew exactly what he meant.

After the children were put to bed, Jeanne and Paul raided their own kitchen. Jeanne's mother had stocked the house with eggs and bread and milk, so they made hot chocolate and an omelet. They skirted the trunks and packing cases, which the Southern Pacific had left in the middle of the floor, and took their food out to the porch, to sit and look at the city dropping away beneath them, lighting up the bottom of the hill.

For a while they sat quietly, listening to the crickets and the rustle of leaves.

"Well, it's over," Paul said. "We're home. We'll sleep in our own room, and no one will wake us with a cup of tea. Are you glad?"

"Yes," she said. "I never want to see another lower berth or another stateroom or another trunk—not for a while anyway."

They walked among the packing cases in their living room.

"Just one job left," he said. "Tomorrow we'll have to open these."

"Tomorrow?" Jeanne asked hesitantly.

"Well, I'm not going to open them tonight. And besides, I thought you never wanted to see another—"

"Just one," Jeanne said. "The captain's table and the fireplace set. To see if they really fit here—at home."

"All right," he said. "Just one."

The clock struck one, and the Brinkmans sat in the middle of their own floor and began to open packing cases. The hammer slipped and hit Paul's thumb. He looked at his finger thoughtfully for a minute and then smiled.

"It's good to be home," he said, bending over and kissing his wife. "Welcome home."

THE END

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Behind Lori's fluttering long lashes and elegant air lurks a demon on skates, a pro in the pool

Demure Dynamo

By TONI NOEL

● From the day Lori Nelson was born Dixie Kay Nelson, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on August 15, 1933, destiny has pointed toward eventual stardom. At the age of two and a half, she made her public debut dancing in a local stage show; when her family moved to Hollywood, she was four then, the lovely little girl continued to attract attention. At seven she won the coveted role of *Cassandra* in Warners' "King's Row" but, stricken with rheumatic fever on the eve of shooting, she was forced to bow out reluctantly and for the next four years remained bedded, an almost complete invalid.

When she was well enough to return to her school studies, Lori felt strong enough to take part in small, modest school productions. She was on her way again and, by the time she was signed to her first contract by U-I on her seventeenth birthday, no trace of ill health remained.

Today, Lori is the healthiest young beauty in Hollywood, an expert on roller skates, horseback or in a pool. She can and does jitterbug with the best of them, is an Annie Oakley with a pistol and sees every movie she can squeeze into her busy life. Her mother says she's always been a tomboy, but can change on moments' notice to an elegant lady of utmost refinement. She has the appetite of a young horse and can eat anything without putting on an extra ounce. Although she hasn't a steady beau at present, Tab Hunter stands the best chance of getting a date when he calls.

Her career is the thing for Lori that is all important (she's in "The Jagged Edge"), but she wouldn't turn a cold shoulder to a pleasant distraction like romance. It adds appreciably to the well-rounded life, she believes. "I'd hate to try to count the crushes I've had."

"And I'd hate to guess at the number she'll have before she really falls in love," says her mother. "There'll be dozens—and every one fatal!"

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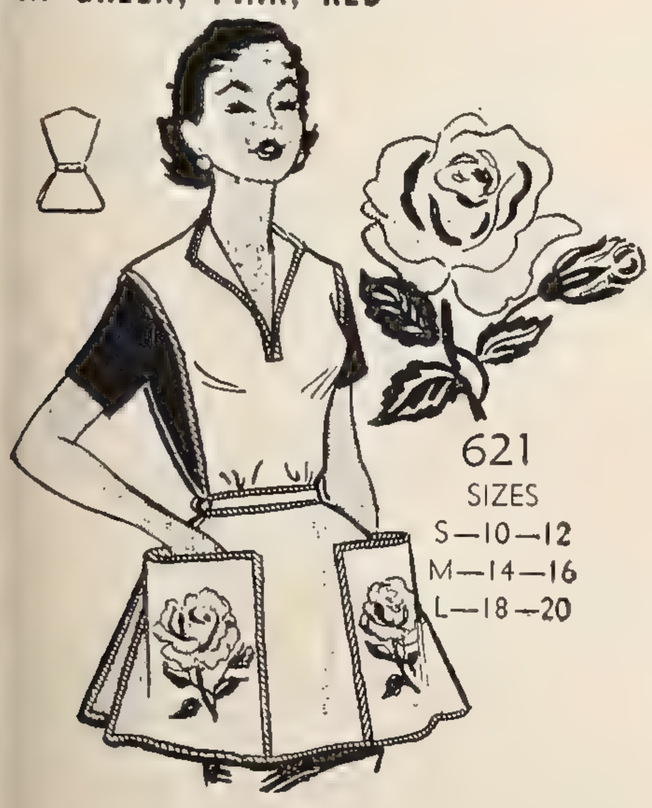

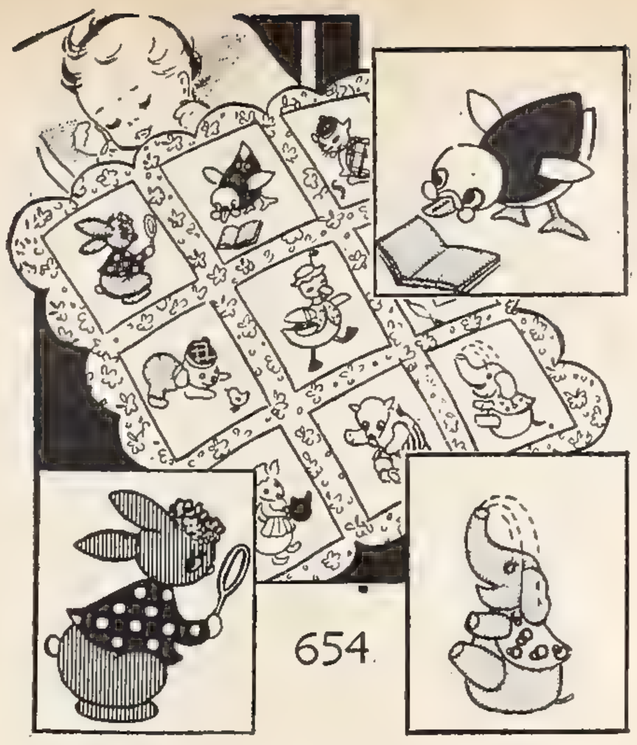

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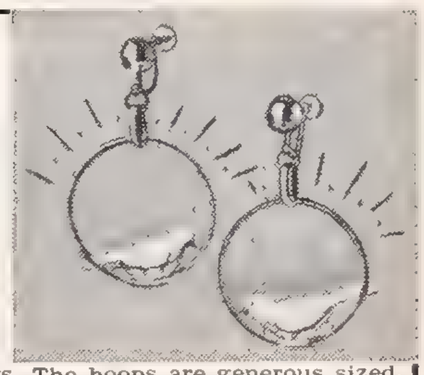

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So You Think Vacations Are Fun?

(*Continued from page* 37)

odd middle name that one is, E-wing!"

"I'll have a bit of respect from you for a fine old Welsh name," grinned Dick. "And for your information it is pronounced You-ing, *not* E-wing."

"E-wing," mused the bride-to-be. "Sounds like e-gad, meaning zounds, or e-lude, meaning baffle. Must have some significance. I'll wait and see."

Check off an elapse of four years and the Powells are found enjoying a fourth honeymoon at Sun Valley where both are on the ski slopes from sunup until sundown.

For a blissful month they lived, Dick and June, for each other and the fun of sliding the slopes, riding in sleighs, dipping into the glass-enclosed pool, and dancing at night.

Back at the film foundries they were able to console themselves with staring at the snow-covered San Bernardino Mountains glittering above Los Angeles until they read of a three-foot fall of snow in Idaho, whereupon they hookied to Sun Valley for a third stanza of skiing in the same winter.

"You were named E-wing," explained June to the name's owner, "because you like the sensation of flying somewhere, on a sailboat, on a plane, or on a pair of skiis."

"Right," admitted E-wing. "We'll have to make this trip at least once each winter."

Seems that he was gazing into a frosted crystal ball at the time because not until the pre-spring of 1955, six total years later, were the Powells able to find time for the trip to Idaho. Even then, plans had to be made very carefully.

June, they calculated, would have completed "Strategic Air Command," "The Shrike" and "The McConnell Story" by the time Dick had finished "The Conqueror" for RKO. Miraculously, both would be free in the midst of the skiing season; even as some people hearken to the sound of meadow larks returning to the California countryside, the Powells could hear the sing of waxed bedslats over the white hills of Idaho.

They made their plans excitedly. The passage of six eventful years had made it necessary for Dick to have his ski pants let out just a little, of course—and had made it necessary for June to have hers taken in. They also bought new equipment.

In addition to the elemental equipment for the sport of slings, June set about packing such trappings as stocking caps, dark glasses, belts, long handled lingerie, wool socks, fleece-lined after-ski shoes, various changes of trousers and sweaters.

Because Dick is a shutterbug, June also packed "equipment enough to have filmed a Miss America contest," and all the paraphernalia necessary for painting the Great American Landscape of Sun Valley. For some months Dick has been trying to interest June in a hobby so engrossing that she will devote her hours to it with the result that she will want to make only one film, at most two, per year.

So into the luggage went a palette, the chromatic scale of color tubes, a set of pastel crayons, brushes representing the major effort of a herd of camels and a copy of Van Gogh's biography, "Lust for Life." (Atmosphere.)

June also took along a few afternoon dresses and a glamour number or two in case, in this most rococo of resorts, joy reigned well refined. Dick let out a cry of anguish when he realized that the heap in the entry hall was not a new grand piano in its crate but merely luggage to be loaded into their drawing room on the train.

Twenty-four hours later, shins bruised from running into suitcases and fingernai broken from moving six cases to get the one needed, the Powells checked in the Sun Valley Lodge, had dinner followe by a pair of hot showers and tumble into bed. "I'll unpack in the morning," wer June's last words.

Wednesday morning dawned bright ar clear. Scanning the scene from the wir dows, Dick could almost hear the sno melt. "We'd better have breakfast and g onto the slopes right away," he said. "Goo skiing isn't going to last long at this rate

June said that of course she couldn't g skiing that day. She had to unpack. Ever sweater. Every tube of paint. Every roll film. Everything right down to the reserv package of cleansing tissue.

Her husband has learned not to prote against such tidiness. June is June, whic is to say that order is next to piety in he book. Even if she is to remain in a hot room only overnight, she turns the in personal quarters into the Allyson palac Apparently it's a compulsion of some kin

So, after breakfast, Dick made his wa through the lobby, carefully avoiding ex skiers on crutches, in casts and in sling and assaulted the slopes. Sky blue, su bright, snow dazzling—and treacherou There had been enough melting durin each day for nearly a week, followed b enough freezing at night to form patch of ice in random pattern all over the hil

Ice is a hazard of skiing just as kelp is hazard of coastal swimming and the ado lescent male is a hazard in highway traff One learns to use evasive tactics in copin with such things: sometimes adding to th zest of the sport.

Over the luncheon table, Dick asked th little woman how she was coming alon with her unpacking.

She awarded him a glassy stare com bined with a question: "How long we we planning to stay here?"

"It isn't *that* bad, is it?" parried Dick.

"I guess not," sighed his wife. "We didn bring along a 1956 calendar."

Dick spent most of the afternoon out o the slopes and returned to the hotel ruddy cheeked and replete with the joy of livin

He found June slightly less than burs ing with high spirits. She had unpacke all of his clothes and trappings. She h filled the closets with *his* wardrobe an camera equipment. She had crammed th chests of drawers with her lord's sweater shirts and all the rest of the oddmen which a man—the casual gender—mu own and use in order to be fit to be see Her ingenuity had been taxed to the lim and her nerves were frazzled. "Guess I have to go home," she said with a glint her eye. "There's no room here for me an my shadow, say nothing of a few piec of luggage and their contents."

Dick laughed, ha ha, at this funny jo and stepped to the telephone. Securin spontaneous change of reservations at th height of the Sun Valley season is a fe roughly equivalent to persuading Russ to admit an American Senate Investigati Committee, but Dick managed it.

The room clerk said the Powells wou be transferred to much larger quarters consisting mainly of closets and draw space—on Friday morning.

June began to return various articles male wearing apparel to suitcases to facil tate the Friday transfer.

"Well anyhow, you can start your va cation tomorrow," said her husband.

Giving him a sidelong glance and th tight-lipped smile of one in possession a poisonous secret, June inquired if he h forgotten their promise to allot one day a team of photographers who were bei sent north from Los Angeles to record t

Powells' winter holiday in Sun Valley.

He had forgotten.

Thursday was spent in posing, changing clothes, breakfasting, posing, changing clothes, lunching, posing, changing clothes, dining, etc.

Friday morning a major portion of the hotel staff moved the Powell luggage, and June went to work unpacking for the second time. By Friday night all was well in Home Suite Home, and June—tuckered out—told Dick, "Tomorrow I'm going skiing with you. In the afternoon. You check the slopes in the morning and find out where I'm least likely to break something valuable."

A dutiful husband, Dick kissed his wife goodbye after Saturday's breakfast, saying that he would telephone her the news as to which of two cafes would prove most convenient for luncheon followed by an afternoon of Swiss hopscotch.

He called just before noon. "How are you?" he asked conversationally.

June said she hadn't noticed much change in her health during the two hours they had been apart, how was he?

"I've got a flash for you," confided Dick, clearing his throat. "I'm in the hospital."

June cried out in a voice heard clearly in Cheyenne, Wyoming, hung up the receiver and set out to locate her wounded man. Streaking to the elevator she gasped, "Take me down."

Down she went. On the main floor she scurried through one corridor after another, seeking that ominous sign "Hospital." She knew she had seen it the first day they arrived, but it must have been moved. Perhaps to the roof to take advantage of sun and breeze.

Returning to the elevator, she asked to be taken up.

The top floor yielded no more information than the main floor had. Somewhat steadied by her headlong exercise, June decided to ask the elevator operator where casualties could be found. Same floor on which the Powell suite was located, said the operator.

When June was admitted to the treatment room, Dick was lying under the X-ray machine. His color was poor, perspiration profuse and grin unsteady.

June rushed to him, took his free hand and blinked away tears. "Oh, E-wing!" she said.

X rays indicated that Dick had broken his left arm in two places just below the shoulder joint, involving the complex ball and socket mechanism.

This is what had happened: Dick had been careening down one of the more precipitous slopes when, in the middle of a turn, his left ski struck a patch of ice and flipped him in a fall that Dick described—in the skiing vernacular—as an eggbeater.

Dick's doctor was vehement in his denunciation of a man over twenty-two years old who, not having been on skiis for six years, would undertake to recapture his fine frenzy with Alpine stocks. "What did you expect?" queried the M.D. acidly. "You could have fractured your skull. You could have broken your back and spent the rest of your days as a helpless invalid. Time you used some common sense, my boy." There was more, none of it sugared.

When the doctor was called from the treatment room for a moment, the nurse told Dick, "Don't take him too seriously. Last week he was able to remove the brace he has worn since he broke his ankle early this winter. Skiing. Second time he did it in two years."

Because there is little point in remaining at a ski resort when circumstances prevent skiing, the Powells packed (Dick directed, June performed), and returned to Los Angeles, then drove to Palm Springs.

Add a cast, bandages and an arm sling, and you have a picture of dependence. And, if there is anything that Miss June Allyson loves, it is to be needed. She is a frustrated nurse, and she could win gold medals for extending aid and comfort to the distressed.

Suddenly, after years of thinking of Dick as the Rock of Gibraltar, impervious, irresistible, immovable, she discovered that a fracture had appeared in the granite. Joyously she went to work to repair the damage.

Dick's diet had to be supervised: plenty of calcium "to heal that arm." His rest had to be undisturbed, "if the body isn't bothered with other things, it mends more quickly.

June shaved her husband (electric razor), she toweled him after his reluctant tub baths (he prefers a shower), she dressed him, selecting and tying his ties, buckling his belt and lacing his shoes. At table she cut his steak into bite-sized pieces, broke and buttered his bread.

When he said rebelliously one day, "As far as I'm concerned, vacation is a doubtful word," she had an answer.

" 'Together' is another word of eight letters. I think it's one of the loveliest words on earth. Don't you?"

When two people in love and married have been through an ordeal, they need few words to transmit meanings to one another. A glance, a smile, the swift touching of hands speak a language eloquent and untrammeled.

A vacation can never be judged by the events that appear to have taken place but only by the secret conclusions left in a human heart. That fact makes it possible to say of the Powell adventures in Sun Valley and Palm Springs, "Best thing that ever happened to them."

They went away, two tired, nervous, confused individuals; they came back a partnership.

THE END

★

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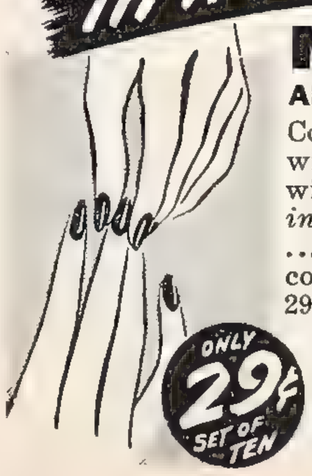

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 8.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FA[MILY]

✓✓✓ ANNAPOLIS STORY, AN—A.A., Technicolor: Interesting picture of the Naval Academy, with a climax in Korea. Brothers John Derek and Kevin McCarthy, midshipmen, then jet pilots, quarrel over Diana Lynn. (F) June

✓✓✓ BATTLE CRY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Aldo Ray and Tab Hunter are among young Marine recruits being trained for World War II by Van Heflin. Emphasis is on love stories, notably Aldo's and Nancy Olson's, Tab's and Mona Freeman's. (A) March

✓✓ BIG COMBO, THE—A.A.: Blood-spattered, well-acted crime thriller. Detective Cornel Wilde smashes Richard Conte's gang. (A) June

✓✓✓ BLACKBOARD JUNGLE—M-G-M: Effective, shocking close-up of a slum-section school. Glenn Ford plays a courageous, dedicated teacher; Anne Francis, his young wife. (F) May

✓✓✓ CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U.I.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Filmed in Ireland, this engaging swashbuckler casts Rock Hudson as a 19th century rebel against England's rule. Jeff Morrow's his leader; Barbara Rush, his love. (F) April

✓✓✓ CELL 2455, DEATH ROW—Columbia: Coolly detached, fact-based story of a youthful criminal. William Campbell's fine as the delinquent who becomes an incorrigible. (A) June

✓✓✓ CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior; Suzan Ball, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓ DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ EAST OF EDEN—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Brilliant drama, charged with emotion. Moody, youthful James Dean hungers for the love of his father (Raymond Massey), covets his brother's sweetheart (Julie Harris). (A) May

✓✓✓ END OF THE AFFAIR, THE—Columbia: Thoughtful movie set in wartime London. Deborah Kerr's illicit, unhappy romance with Van Johnson leads her to examine her beliefs. (A) June

✓✓✓ GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Charming musical version of the *Cinderella* story, with Leslie Caron as the slavey, Michael Wilding as her prince. (F) May

✓✓✓ HIT THE DECK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Lively musical comedy gets Navy men Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn and Tony Martin into amusing jams on a Frisco leave. The girls of their hearts are Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller. (F) April

✓✓ JUMP INTO HELL—Warners: Well-intended but not too forceful tribute to Dienbienphu's defenders. Jack Sernas, Kurt Kasznar are Frenchmen fighting in Indochina. (F) June

✓✓✓ LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th: [Dis]tinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ric[ardo] Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a mu[rder] charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F)

✓✓✓✓ LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Colum[bia] CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power stars in [the] true, warmly sentimental, humorous story of a [be]loved sergeant stationed at West Point for [many] years. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Bob Fra[nci]s, one of the cadets Ty counsels. (F) A[pril]

✓✓ LOOTERS, THE—U-I: After a moun[tain] plane crash, survivors and rescuers (inclu[de] Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams) brawl over cas[h in] the cargo. Not always believable. (F) J[une]

✓✓ MAMBO—Paramount: Italy's Silvana M[an]gana isn't at her best in this English-language f[ilm] as a girl torn between no-good Vittorio Gass[man] and nobleman Michael Rennie. (A) J[une]

✓✓✓ MAN CALLED PETER, A—20th; Cine[ma] Scope, De Luxe Color: Affecting inspiratio[nal] drama. Richard Todd is magnificent as a Scott[ish]-born minister who attains fame in the U. S. Ju[ne] Peters is sympathetic as his wife. (F) J[une]

✓✓✓ MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U.I., Tech[ni]color: Lusty Western. Drifter Kirk Douglas [and] protégé William Campbell get embroiled in ran[che]r Jeanne Crain's battle to rule the range. (F) [May]

✓✓✓✓ MARTY—U.A.: Wonderfully warm, [hu]ny and sympathetic big-city love story. A lonesom[e] bachelor (Ernest Borgnine) and a drab sch[ool] teacher (Betsy Blair) find each other—but fam[ily] problems come up. (F) M[ay]

✓✓✓ PRODIGAL, THE—M-G-M; CinemaSc[ope] Eastman Color: Spectacular melodrama of anci[ent] times. As the Prodigal Son, Edmund Purdom [for] sakes sweetheart Audrey Dalton, is led to ruin [by] pagan priestess Lana Turner. (A) J[une]

✓✓✓ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.; Te[ch]nicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war sce[nes] combine in a story set in Burma, but shot [in] Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, fi[nds] healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) Febru[ary]

✓✓✓ RUN FOR COVER—Paramount; Vi[sta] Vision, Technicolor: Engaging horse opera ab[out] the results of a near-lynching. James Cagney's [an] old hand; John Derek, a bitter youngster. (F) M[ay]

✓✓ SEVEN ANGRY MEN—A.A.: Powerful ic[on] unimaginatively presented. Raymond Massey pl[ays] John Brown, trying to end slavery by force, w[ith] the aid of son Jeffrey Hunter. (F) Ju[ne]

✓✓ SMOKE SIGNAL—U-I, Technicolor: D[ana] Andrews, under arrest as a traitor, and Pi[per] Laurie are among whites fleeing Indians on a ri[ver] river voyage through a canyon. (F) Ap[ril]

✓✓✓ TIGHT SPOT—Columbia: Neat, bri[sk] crime film. Attorney Edward G. Robinson, det[ec]tive Brian Keith try to persuade Ginger Rogers to testify against a vengeful gang boss. (F) Ju[ne]

✓✓✓ TO PARIS WITH LOVE—Rank, Tech[ni]color: Airy farce with lovely locales. Dignif[ied] Alec Guinness and son Vernon Gray try to arra[nge] Paris romances for each other. (A) Ju[ne]

✓✓✓ UNTAMED—20th; CinemaScope, De Lu[xe] Color: Aggressive Susan Hayward and adv[en]turous Ty Power are lovers in a highly color[ful] epic of South Africa's pioneer days. (A) M[ay]

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEDEVILLED—M-G-M. Directed by Mitchell Leisen: *Monica Johnson,* Anne Baxter; *Gregory Fitzgerald,* Steve Forrest; *Francesca,* Simone Renant; *Trevelle,* Maurice Teynac; *Tony Lugacetti,* Robert Christopher; *Mama Lugacetti,* Ina de la Haye; *Father Cunningham,* Joseph Tomelty; *Remy Hotel Manager,* Olivier Hussenot; *Priest, in Seminary,* Jean Ozenne; *Taxi Driver,* Jacques Hilling; *Concierge,* Raymond Bussieres; *Father du Rocher,* Victor Francen.

•

DADDY LONG LEGS—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Jervis Pendleton,* Fred Astaire; *Julie,* Leslie Caron; *Linda,* Terry Moore; *Miss Pritchard,* Thelma Ritter; *Griggs,* Fred Clark; *Sally,* Charlotte Austin; *Alexander Williamson,* Larry Keating; *Gertrude,* Kathryn Givney; *Jimmy McBride,* Kelly Brown; *Ray Anthony (and his Orchestra),* Themselves; *Pat,* Sara Shane; *Jean,* Numa Lapeyre; *Madame Sevanne,* Ann Codee; *Emile,* Steven Geray; *Professor,* Percival Vivian; *Guide,* Joseph Kearns; *Butler,* Larry Kent; *Hotel Manager,* Charles Anthony Hughes; *Mr. Bronson,* Ralph Dumke; *Larry Hamilton,* Damian O'Flynn; *Mrs. Carrington,* Kathryn Card; *Bellhop,* Tim Johnson; *Cab Driver,* Harry Seymour; *Asst. Hotel Manager,* Olan Soule; *College Dean,* Helen Van Tuyl; *Deliveryman,* J. Anthony Hughes; *Chauffeur,* George Dunn.

•

ETERNAL SEA, THE—Republic. Directed by John J. Auer: *Rear Admiral John M. Hoskins,* Sterling Hayden; *Sue Hoskins,* Alexis Smith; *Vice Admiral Thomas L. Semple,* Dean Jagger; *Zuggy,* Ben Cooper; *Dorothy Buracker,* Virginia Grey; *Captain William Buracker,* Hayden Rorke; *Captain Walter Riley,* Douglas Kennedy; *Captain Walter F. Rodee,* Louis Jean Heydt; *Lt. Johnson,* Richard Crane; *Vice Admiral Arthur Dewey Struble,* Morris Ankrum; *Rear Admiral "L.D.,"* Frank Ferguson; *Admiral William F. Halsey,* John Maxwell.

•

5 AGAINST THE HOUSE—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson: *Al Mercer,* Guy Madison; *Kay Greylek,* Kim Novak; *Brick,* Brian Keith; *Roy,* Alvy Moore; *Eric Berg,* William Conrad; *Ronnie,* Kerwin Mathews; *Francis Spieglebauer,* Jack Dimond; *Virginia,* Jean Willes.

•

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Vidor: *Ruth Etting,* Doris Day; *Martin Snyder,* James Cagney; *Johnny Alderman,* Cameron Mitchell; *Bernard V. Loomis,* Robert Keith; *Frobisher,* Tom Tully.

•

MOONFLEET—M-G-M. Directed by Fritz Lang: *Jeremy Fox,* Stewart Granger; *Lord Ashwood,* George Sanders; *Lady Ashwood,* Joan Greenwood; *Mrs. Minton,* Viveca Lindfors; *John Mohune,* Jon Whiteley; *Gypsy,* Liliane Montevecchi; *Felix Ratsey,* Melville Cooper; *Elzevir Block,* Sean McClory; *Parson Glennie,* Alan Napier; *Magistrate Maskew,* John Hoyt; *Grace,* Donna Corcoran; *Damen,* Jack Elam; *Hull,* Dan Seymour; *Tewkesbury,* Ian Wolfe; *Major Hennishaw,* Lester Matthews; *Jacob,* Skelton Knaggs; *Starkill,* Richard Hale; *Greening,* John Alderson; *Tomson,* Ashley Cowan; *Coachman,* Frank Ferguson; *Capt. Stanhope,* Booth Colman.

PRIZE OF GOLD, A—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson: *Joe Lawrence,* Richard Widmark; *Maria,* Mai Zetterling; *Brian,* Nigel Patrick; *Roger,* George Cole; *Alfie Stratton,* Donald Wolfit; *Uncle Dan,* Joseph Tomelty; *Conrad,* Andrew Ray; *Dr. Zachmann,* Karel Stepanek; *Tex,* Robert Ayres; *Hans Fisches,* Eric Pohlmann; *Mavis,* Olive Sloane; *Major Bracken,* Alan Gifford; *British Major,* Ivan Craig; *Benny,* Harry Towb; *Pole,* Leslie Linder; *Lisa,* Monika Kossmann; *Girl on Plane,* Edelweiss Malchin; *Canal Foreman,* Erich Dunskus; *German Landlady,* Nelly Arno; *Police-Detective,* Arnold Bell; *British Officer,* John Witty; *GI's,* Joel Riordan, Marvin Kane.

•

STRANGE LADY IN TOWN—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Julia,* Greer Garson; *O'Brien,* Dana Andrews; *David,* Cameron Mitchell; *Spurs,* Lois Smith; *Father Gabriel,* Walter Hampden; *Martinez,* Gonzalez Gonzalez; *Norah,* Joan Camden; *Tomasito,* Anthony Numkena; *Bartolo,* Jose Torvay; *Bella Brown,* Adele Jergens; *Karg,* Bob Wilkie; *Hatlo,* Frank de Kova; *Shadduck,* Russell Johnson; *Scanlon,* Gregory Walcott; *Wickstrom,* Douglas Kennedy; *Gen. Lew Wallace,* Ralph Moody; *Billy the Kid,* Nick Adams; *Rebstock,* Jack Williams; *Dance Specialty,* The Trianas.

•

STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND—Paramount. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Lt. Col. Robert "Dutch" Holland,* James Stewart; *Sally Holland,* June Allyson; *Gen. Ennis C. Hawkes,* Frank Lovejoy; *Lt. Col. Rocky Samford,* Barry Sullivan; *Ike Knowland,* Alex Nicol; *Gen. Espy,* Bruce Bennett; *Doyle,* Jay C. Flippen; *Gen. Castle,* James Millican; *Rev. Thorne,* James Bell; *Mrs. Thorne,* Rosemary De Camp; *Aircraft Commander,* Richard Shannon; *Capt. Symington,* John R. McKee; *Sgt. Bible,* Henry Morgan; *Major Patrol Commander,* Don Haggerty; *Radio Operator,* Glenn Denning; *Colonel,* Anthony Warde; *Airman,* Struther Martin; *Nurse,* Helen Brown; *Forecaster,* Wm. Hudson; *Capt. Brown,* David Vaile; *Capt. Johnson,* Vernon Rich; *Duty Officer,* Harlan Warde; *Air Force Captain,* Robert House Peters, Jr.; *Lt. Controller,* Henry Richard Lupino; *Controller Okinawa,* William August Pullen; *Tech. Sgt.,* Stephen E. Wyman.

•

THIS ISLAND EARTH—U-I. Directed by Joseph Newman: *Exeter,* Jeff Morrow; *Ruth Adams,* Faith Domergue; *Cal Meacham,* Rex Reason; *Brack,* Lance Fuller; *Steve Carlson,* Russell Johnson; *Joe Wilson,* Robert Nichols; *Adolph Engelborg,* Karl Lindt; *Monitor,* Douglas Spencer; *Mutant,* Regis Parton.

•

VIOLENT SATURDAY—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: *Shelley Martin,* Victor Mature; *Boyd Fairchild,* Richard Egan; *Harper,* Stephen McNally; *Linda,* Virginia Leith; *Harry Reeves,* Tommy Noonan; *Dill,* Lee Marvin; *Emily,* Margaret Hayes; *Chapman,* J. Carrol Naish; *Elsie,* Sylvia Sidney; *Stadt,* Ernest Borgnine; *Helen,* Dorothy Patrick; *Steve Martin,* Billy Chapin; *Gil Clayton,* Brad Dexter; *Mr. Fairchild,* Raymond Greenleaf; *Bobby,* Donald Gamble; *Georgie,* Rickey Murray; *Stan,* Robert Adler; *Bart,* Harry Carter; *Mrs. Stadt,* Ann Morrison; *David Stadt,* Kevin Corcoran; *Anna Stadt,* Donna Corcoran; *Mary Stadt,* Noreen Corcoran.

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(Continued from page 47)

physical—his big broad shoulders, the way he walks and talks or combs his hair—you better face facts. You're infatuated. For while physical attraction is essential to love, you will find that there are many more traits that are equally important. When you're merely infatuated, physical attraction is the extent of your interest.

"Which brings me to an important point. In order to love, you must know yourself. Sometimes you can be in love with love. Going out with a campus big shot, a guy you idolize (along with a dozen other girls) is an accomplishment, a build-up for your ego. But if you look closely at your affections, you often will find that you're just searching for a solution to a personal problem. You may be unhappy at home, undecided about a career or feel unwanted and unloved—even bored. Such feelings lead not to love but to infatuation.

"If you look up the word infatuate in the dictionary, you'll find that it means 'to make foolish, to affect with folly . . . to deprive of sound judgment; to inspire with a foolish and extravagant passion.' Under love, you'll see: 'a feeling of strong personal attachment induced by . . . sympathetic understanding. . .'

"Time is the big difference between the two—and time is the surest test. I have known some love-at-first-sight marriages that have turned out happily, but these are rare. Love at first sight usually happens, psychologists explain, because you identify your loved one with a dream image. He may be a little like your favorite movie star or remind you of a hero uncle. Then, bang! Without any more thought, you're won over by a crew cut in gray flannel pants. A pretty flimsy way to pick a mate, you'll have to admit—especially when there are lots of boys around to fit that description. For whether you believe it or not, marriage counselors insist there are thousands of persons you could fall in love with and be happy. (Words of wisdom if you're toting a torch.) The only problem, they explain, is that there may not be a choice in your circle of friends. But don't let the absence of other men in your life shove you into marriage. For marriage means the sharing of mutual interests and goals, the building together of a future, the developing of both individuals

"Before saying any rash, 'I do's,' you'd better each ask yourself: What are my goals, my interests? What do I want to be like? What do I want to do with my life? These are difficult questions to answer, but before you can determine whether you're in love for keeps, think them through. If you find you don't agree, you may be happier staying single.

"But suppose, you say, we do. Then what? The next step is getting to know him, the little things about him. And what you'll need is time. Time to discover his habits and faults, his quirks and qualms.

"For instance, suppose he is never punctual, never arrives when he's expected, never calls when he promises. Does it bother you? Or perhaps he lacks a personal fastidiousness that may not annoy his friends but drives you to distraction. Or he may not hold open the door for your mother or have patience with your younger sister, which inwardly makes you cringe. He may be smart-alecky, lean toward telling a fib instead of the truth when he's late for a date or have no interest in your favorite charity work. You're making a mistake if you say, 'Oh, well, I guess we can straighten these things out later—they're not really important.' For they are! Just as it is important that you be honest with him. Straighten things out first.

"Tony, my husband, loves sports, all sports. When I first met him, I wasn't even a good spectator. I had never professed any interest in sports to the other boys I dated previous to Tony. But as time went on, and Tony and I went out together more often, I realized that sports were an important pleasure to him. I began to want to understand enough about them to be a good companion. And I did learn to understand baseball and football and to really enjoy them today. On the other hand, the theatre and ballet had been, and still are, my greatest pleasure. To Tony, they used to represent a dull evening. Now, he shares my enthusiasm for both of them as I share his for sports. We both grew a little, developed new interests by our desire to please. If you have a sincere desire to please your guy—and not just a passing desire, either—you can chalk up one more point for love.

"Another important question to ask yourself is, 'Can we really talk things through?' Feelings, worries, gripes, misunderstandings, problems and desires need an outlet, otherwise they boil inside and explode into permanent damage.

"'Does he really love me?' is another question girls often ask, without realizing that this is one question that should never be necessary to ask.

"Throughout our courtship, there was never any doubt in my mind that Tony loved me. He told me often. This is very important, because if a man isn't capable of making you feel loved before marriage he will never give you this security afterwards.

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"One of the surest tests you can make to judge his capacity for giving you the kind of love that insures a good and lasting marriage is to find out what his relations are with his family—with his father, sisters or brothers, and most of all, with his mother. For a man ends up treating his wife pretty much the same way he treats his mother.

"If he makes a great demand on his mother, he'll be demanding of you. If he's lacking in respect for her, chances are he'll treat you the same. And if he displays little affection for his family, you can expect he'll show you little. If he's dogmatic with his sisters or brothers, refuses to give and take, this may be a danger signal for you. In short, observe his role in his family; you'll have a pretty accurate gauge of what your own family future will be like.

"Tony has a sister and some nieces and nephews, and his devotion to them impressed me during our courtship, which was during the war years. While the children's father was in the service, Tony spent time with them each week. Never once, no matter how busy Tony was, did he disappoint them. If he promised, 'On Tuesday, we'll go to the zoo. I'll pick you up at three,' he was on the spot on the dot. Now that we're married and have children of our own, he takes the same special care in planning excursions and treats.

"It may seem like a little thing, but it's important for, after all, children gain faith from the little things.

"To sum up my feelings," Donna stopped for a moment to collect her thoughts, "I think that if you've known your guy for a year or more and you still feel that you like him, respect him, trust and enjoy him, then your enchantment is real. And I'd say your possibilities for living happily ever after, together, are pretty secure."

Because Terry learned from experience that a whirlwind romance under a tropical tree in moonlit Hawaii can "affect with folly," she's in agreement with Donna that it's wise to take time to make sure it's love.

But Terry does have reservations. "Because," she explains, "I think when love is real, you don't feel you have to weigh it.

"I believe there are many different kinds of love, many different degrees and levels. But the one, great overwhelming love comes only once. Because love is rare, it is so important not to compromise. The trouble is (and it's trouble we bring on ourselves) we do compromise. We overlook little faults or differences instead of holding out for the real thing. And when you compromise too often, it's difficult to recognize the real love.

"The way you can tell you're compromising, I think, is when you feel you are making a mistake or are nagged by misgivings and doubts. For instance I've heard girls say when they were practically at the altar, 'I think it will work out.'

"Think! If you can say things like this, or even think them, I wouldn't call it love you feel.

"Also I think love should be happy. When a girl is unhappy in love, there's something wrong. How can you be unhappy in love when the entire aim and object of love is to make the loved one happy?

"'Am I happy or unhappy in love?' is certainly the loaded question. My answer would be: 'If you're unhappy, it's infatuation; if you're happy, you can be pretty sure it's love.'

"I believe you know when it's real love just by the way you feel," Terry said, "within yourself and about yourself.

"If you don't look well, if you're the victim of jealousy, suspicion, doubt of any kind, uneasiness and inner disturbance, you're not in love.

"Some people bring out the good in you, some bring out the bad. Love should bring out the good, it should change you for the better. If you find you're a nicer person because of him, it's love. But if you feel within yourself that you're not as interesting or as enthusiastic or as nice as you were before you began dating—what you have isn't love.

"Of one thing I'm sure. Love can inspire—it should inspire you to do better things, to work harder, to be a nicer person. When love is real, it gives you a lift, an added confidence, it's constructive. Whereas infatuation saps your energy, undermines your health and ambition.

"I think you can boil it down," Terry explained, "to one single, but very searching question: 'How do I feel?' If the answer is, 'Happy, good, a better person than I was before,' then you need question no further. If the answer is, 'Unhappy, disturbed, a less worthy person,' then it's infatuation and never mind asking any more questions either. Just take to your heels and run."

Still wondering what's this thing called love? Let's leave it at—something pretty wonderful.

THE END

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